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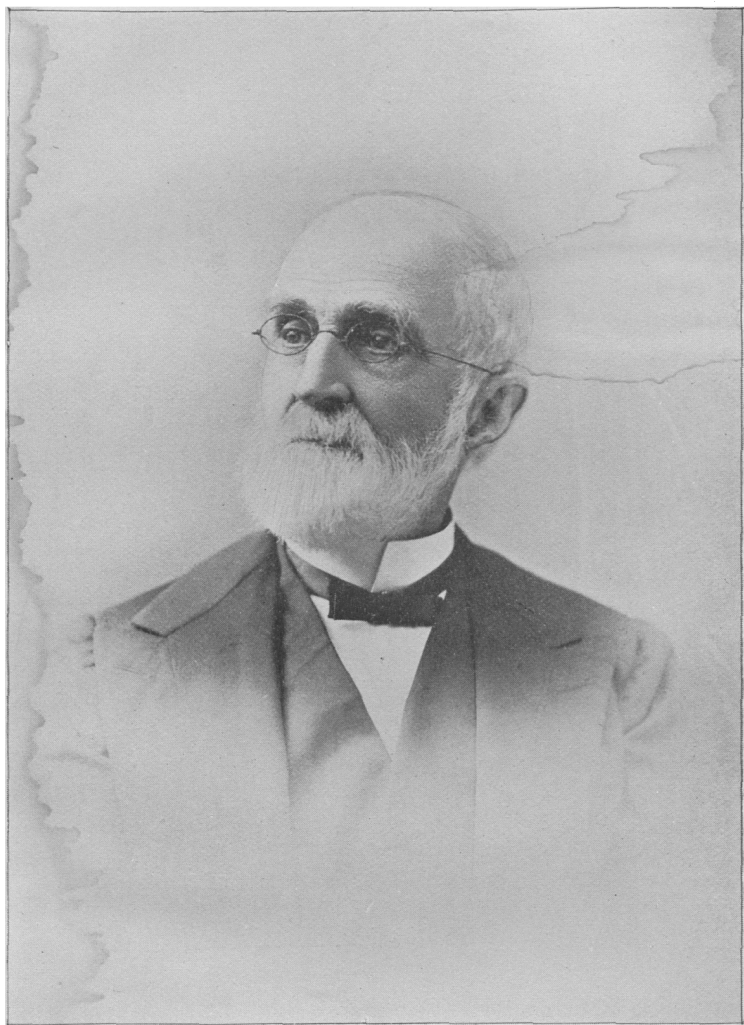
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William R. Denton

REMINISCENCES
OF
GIDEON BURTON.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF
IN HIS EIGHTY-FIFTH YEAR.



CINCINNATI, OHIO:
PRESS OF GEORGE P. HOUSTON.
1895.



PREFACE.

IT HAS been my great pleasure for many years to relate to my own family and to intimate friends, incidents of my life, which had impressed themselves indelibly upon my mind. At the request of my family, I concluded, a few years ago, to preserve them in writing, sending what I had written to a friend,* whose judgment I respect; he advised me by all means to publish it. It seemed to him interesting and so full of history, reminding one of "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia," and so much of Auld Lang Syne, that it ought to be preserved as a book. I trust that these recollections may lovingly be cherished in the hearts of my dear family, and that others, especially young men in whom I have always taken great interest, may be stimulated thereby to become useful and influential citizens, and may perceive from my varied, yet humble, experience, that the Lord blesses those who trust in him and work for his Church.

GIDEON BURTON.

* REV. S. F. HOTCHKIN, Registrar of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of the Diocese of Pennsylvania.

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REMINISCENCES OF GIDEON BURTON.

I was born August 11th, 1811, on the homestead of my father, Robert Burton, about one mile from St. George's Chapel, Sussex County, Delaware, where I was baptized.

My father was the fourth Robert, in the fifth generation from the first Robert, who came from London to this country. He was a man of strict integrity and great force of character, was baptized and confirmed in the Church, and a regular communicant of the same. He was a Warden of the Church for many years, and was also a lay-reader. His house was the headquarters for all the Episcopal clergy who visited the neighborhood. He possessed four good farms and was the owner of some dozen slaves, most of whom he set free at the age of thirty-five. One of them, George, he set free at his death, leaving him ten acres of land, a yoke of oxen and cart. George is still living and was 79 years old on the Fourth of July, 1895, the only living representative of the slaves, and I am the only living representative of my father's family. My

mother, Betsey West Burton, died when I was fourteen years old. After her death, in 1825, we moved to Lewes, where my sister Mary Rodney, lived. My Father died, June, 1849, in his seventy-seventh year. His marble monument stands in the Churchyard of St. Peter's Church, Lewes, with this inscription, "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God."

My father was guardian for his two brothers, John Hammon Burton and William Burton, also for his step-brother, my mother's half brother, Robert Frame. John was educated by Mr. Shanklin, a learned Scotchman. William studied medicine and graduated at the University at Philadelphia, and went down to Sussex, Delaware, to practice "Brother Bill," said my father, "have nothing to do with ordinary politics, and you will live to be Governor of the State." Ten years after my father died he was elected Governor of the State of Delaware.

Robert Frame, just mentioned, was sent to Princeton College. He afterwards studied law with Judge Tom Clayton, of Dover, Delaware, and married his daughter. He was after that engaged with John M. Clayton, in the celebrated Chesapeake & Delaware Canal case. Their fee was \$10,000, which then was considered a large one John M. Clayton, the brother of the Judge,

Thomas, a noted criminal lawyer, was afterwards United States Senator and Secretary of the State under General Taylor's administration. He once said, "Give me Frame for the law and Bates to cry, and I can clear any culprit in the United States." As my father charged him no fee for his guardianship, Frame told him that thereafter he would do any law business he wanted without charge.

I heard my father say that when he left his father, to do business for himself, he purchased Sheridan's Dictionary and Blackstone's Commentaries, and his friend, who became Judge Robinson, laughed at the idea. They both lived to be old men. Later in life my father remarked to me that Judge Robinson ought to have known better than to act so, as he knew that the first volume of Blackstone's Commentaries had more in it than any book in the world except the Bible. About 1818 my father purchased a farm of over 400 acres in Baltimore Hundred, south of our homestead about twenty miles, the greater part of which was a swamp covered with water. He found the soil to be rich and three feet deep, but to make it valuable it was necessary to drain it. He applied to the Legislature to have a canal cut to drain the swamp, the cost to be assessed on the adjacent properties, which was granted; the assessment payable yearly for ten years. This produced a great commo-

tion among the neighbors, and it looked as if they would never submit to it. Capt. Tunnell, one of the number, told me after the late war all the circumstances. He said as the yearly assessment was small, they concluded to pay the first assessment, and before the second one was due the water was leaving their land so fast they were satisfied to continue to pay. It was soon drained and those swamp farms proved to be the richest and most valuable land in Sussex County. Then my father was looked upon as a wise benefactor. Many years afterwards he left his crop of corn in his cribs the whole year. The next year there was a famine in the whole Township, or Hundred. The following spring he called together some thirty of his neighbors whose crops had failed. He told them they could have all the seed corn they wanted, payable when they raised their crops.

My father removed a large double building from the paternal homestead, to Lewes, about six and a half miles, and then added to it a new building, in them he lived twenty-four years.

My mother was a lovely lady and a consistent Christian. She had been married to Samuel Tingley previous to her marriage to my father. She had two sons, Clem and Benjamin W. Tingley. My father took great interest in

the boys, gave them such advantages as the times permitted, a plain English education, including navigation. At the age of fifteen he placed Clem in the store of Thomas & James R. Fassitt, one of the largest wholesale dry goods and hardware stores in Philadelphia, at the southwest corner of Second and Market Streets. I saw lately a letter from him to his parents dated 1810. Some years after, Benjamin followed. Both proved successful. Clem, at the age of twenty-one, that is more than eighty years ago, received a salary of \$1,000, for those days very large. In a few years he went into business with one of the clerks, Moses Johnson, under the firm name of Johnson & Tingley, and a few years later with Ambrose White, under the firm name of White, Johnson & Tingley. In 1825, when I went to Philadelphia, the firm was again Johnson & Tingley, with whom I was engaged to live.

In 1818, we had frost in Delaware in every month of the year. No crops matured. Corn, frosted in its milky state, was thrown into open cribs or pens, that the sun might dry it, thus preparing it to be fed to stock.

My sister, Mary at this time attended Mrs. Lyman's Seminary, Fourth below Spruce, Philadelphia, with Mariah White, daughter of Ambrose White, mother of the late Geo. W. Neff and sister to the late Peter A. White, of

Cincinnati She took the premium in Writing. The celebrated writer, Mr. Rand, was their writing teacher. I remember her double bladed, turtle-shell handled pen-knife, of the kind used to make quill pens.

Seventy years ago there were no steel or gold pens. Pens made from goose quills were the only ones used. Everybody carried a good pen-knife, one blade of which was always kept sharp for this purpose. I think Gillot's were the first steel pens used. Rand, of Philadelphia, was the most celebrated teacher of penmanship in the country at that time. As no paper was ruled, the scholar was taught to sit with the left side to the desk and to hold the pen with fingers extended. Now all paper is ruled and, consequently, the body and hand may be held in any kind of position.

She also had a piano made by Loud & Bros., Philadelphia. Among the pieces that she played were Washington's March, Patty Casey, Bird Waltz, Blue Eyed Mary, Robin Adair, and Pleyel's Hymn. In those days a piano was a great curiosity in the neighborhood. She married Henry F. Rodney, of Lewes, Del. Their eldest daughter, Hannah, is now living, 71 years of age, the wife of Bishop Benjamin Wistar Morris, of Oregon.

In 1821 and 1822 I went to a country school a mile

and a half from my father's house at a place called Bundix Branch, to a teacher, Pitkin Minor, a native of Connecticut and a graduate of Yale, a very superior man. He boarded with a Presbyterian minister, Dr. Copes, who had charge of two churches, one at Cool Spring and one at Lewes. There were in our school but two Latin scholars ; one was Erasmus Marsh, the son of our doctor, the other Edward Y. Higbee, whose father was our rector at St. George's Chapel and St. Peter's at Lewes. His brother Hugh Hollinshead, also went to school with us, and afterwards became an M. D. in Philadelphia. As I was slow at committing to memory I thought when I heard them reciting their Hic, Haec, Hoc, Hic, Haec, Hoc, to the teacher, that I never should be able to learn the Latin language.

One of the sights, when I went to Philadelphia in 1825, was Peale's Museum, then in the second story of the Hall of Independence, also over the adjoining building, where the various State and County offices have been. The bones of a mammoth, probably twelve feet high, attracted great attention. So did the old colored man who took profile for all who wished them. This museum was afterwards over the new Arcade on Chestnut above Sixth. I remember distinctly seeing the painting of DeWitt Clinton,

who was the great patron of the New York & Erie Canal, also Governor of the State of New York.

Seventy years ago Fairmount Waterworks was a great attraction to strangers. At that time it was far out of town, at the falls of the Schuylkill River. It was indeed a wonder how Philadelphia, a city of between 125,000 and 140,000 inhabitants, could be furnished with an adequate supply of both water and power, steam being practically unknown.

Another great attraction was the Navy Yard and the two immense buildings, under which United States ships of war were built. Here was constructed the mammoth *Pennsylvania*, 120 guns, probably the largest warship in the world. She was a sailing vessel, as there were no steamers in the United States navy at that time. She had been building eight or ten years before this time, 1825, and was finished and launched about 1845, but as to this I am not certain, although I was present at the launching. She was indeed a monster, three or four decks deep. I also saw in the roads at Lewes, Delaware (where the Breakwater is now located), in 1822, two sloops of war, the *John Adams* and the *Cyane*, each of twenty-four guns. I was taken out to them in a whaleboat in company with my brother-in-law, H. F. Rodney, and hoisted on board in their gig. There I

saw the marines parading the deck, and the great guns, each one on its truck at a porthole and ready for instant action. It was an interesting sight to me, a country boy. I was much impressed with the martial music, a new thing to me, as usual in those days the bands playing "Yankee Doodle." Another attraction to me were the huge ventilators, made of canvas, which ran vertically to the lower hold of the vessel and supplied it with air when sailing. I think the Pennsylvania was the last full rigged line-of-battle ship constructed for the navy, as steamers were shortly afterward introduced. In 1825, in the roads, where the Breakwater now is, I saw the frigate Brandywine taking LaFayette to his home after his last visit.

In those days it was the custom of the boys in the early morning to go over to Smith's Island, opposite the city, from about Market to Pine Streets, to bathe and swim in the Delaware River. Now the Government has entirely removed this island, and where it stood is a good and deep channel.

I remember the construction of the great Delaware Breakwater at Cape Henlopen, work on which was commenced about 1826 or 1827, under the supervision of Mr. Strickland, the architect, whose statue now stands in the State House at Nashville, Tennessee. Why does not the

Pennsylvania Railroad make this a great shipping point; as the Big Four has made Newport News?

My education was limited; my text books being Pike's Arithmetic, Olney's Geography, and Murray's English Reader and Grammar. Murray's Reader abounded in gems from such authors as Sam. Johnson, Addison, Robertson, Blair, Gray, Young and Cowper; many of which I still remember.

On the visits of my two half brothers to see my mother, and theirs, from year to year, I was impressed with their fine clothes and condition, and thought how pleased I should be could I go to Philadelphia. They said, "Boys nowadays are good for nothing." I thought to myself, if I get there, they will see if I am good for nothing. So at the age of fourteen my father accompanied me to Philadelphia.

He told me if I turned out to be a success, when I was twenty-one he would take me to Europe, which at that day meant something; but when twenty-one, I took a partnership in the firm of Johnson & Tingley, receiving one-eighth of the net profits, which was \$5000 clear, yet my whole expenses were only \$350. At that day stores had no porters, boys did the work, sweeping out, and making fires. I remember distinctly my boss teaching me how

to sprinkle the floor. I was of good size for my age; at fifteen I weighed 115 pounds. I followed my brother Tingley when he was waiting on his customers, for he was a splendid salesman and always had their confidence, which was well deserved, for I never knew him to lie. I heard how he addressed them, his manner was excellent, always truthful, indeed it was a blessing to be raised by such a man, who was so devout a christian. He afterwards became an Elder in Clinton Street Presbyterian Church. He has been dead over twenty years.

The first new coat that I ever wore was a swallow-tail, made by a man by the name of Stockley, one of the best tailors in Philadelphia, located at the north-west corner of Market and Fifth Streets. The style of coat fashionable at that time was the swallow-tail of blue cloth with brass buttons, having two rectangular pieces of cloth across the back of the waist. In the twenties, a plain white cravat wound round the neck was universally worn, and many still wore the ruffled bosom shirt. The stock came into use in the thirties. The cutter's name was Whistler, who, probably being under the influence of liquor, cut the coat with the nap running up, which made it quite unpleasant to the touch, and caused my comrades to laugh not a little at my appearance. This

was my Sunday-go-to-meeting coat. The boss told me the first \$500 bill I should sell, he would give me a new coat. When I was about sixteen, not older, I sold to John W. Walker, of Chestertown, Md., a bill of more than \$500 ; so I got the coat. Among other goods packed in the bill, was tow linen for the negroes in Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, this was their universal article of summer wear, a shirt and pants being about all they required in warm weather ; and I can say that at that time no sailing vessel in the world used anything but linen sails, and now there are very few vessels, if any, that do not use cotton.

Within a few days after selling my \$500 bill, I sold a bill of \$1000 to Robt. Bowles & Co., of Lewiston, Pa. After this I was a salesman. About this time, Thomas Quigley, a tall, handsome, fine looking gentleman, commenced buying at our house ; Martin & Quigley, Princeton, Ky., was the name of his firm. Soon after he moved to Bowling Green, Ky. He took a fancy to me, and had me wait on him when purchasing goods, and introduced a great number of his neighbor merchants to me. About the winter of 1830, feeling the necessity of a better education, I asked my father to bear my expenses, including board, that I might thus be improved. I entered upon the work with great

zeal, arising at 4 A. M. and retiring late. I recited to an old teacher, Fred. S. Scofield, who lived on Third street, near Lombard, and I boarded on Seventh street, second door north of Zane. Often have I wondered at what I learned in so short a time. Many of the rules of Murray's Grammar I remember to this day. I took great delight in Philosophy; also in Rhetoric and Astronomy. None of them had I studied before. My teacher was the father of Geo. S. Scofield, for many years agent of the Sunday School Union at New York, who was eighty years old at his death. A second son, Frederic, lately deceased, was probably the oldest vestryman of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia. His sister, who was a teacher, married Andrew Gray, the father of George Gray the present U. S. Senator from Delaware.

I would here say to young men, Make up your mind to be somebody,—birth is a blessing, but Old Application will reach the top of the hill before Genius does. See the "Hill of Science" in Murray's Reader.

When I was twenty years old, our firm wanted me to take a trip across the mountains, to make trade and collect, but not to sell goods; no goods in those days were sold by sample. I remember well the small trunk I took. I provided myself with warm clothing, as directed by my

father, whom I consulted, as he had traveled from Delaware to Cincinnati on horseback, in 1816, on a horse he had raised, called Bonaparte. He advised me to dress warm and keep my money in a belt,—not do as he had done when he was out West, leave his money under his pillow. I had a surtout, a camblet cloak, with cape lined with green baize, and a fine seal-skin cap.

I left the Western Hotel, Market Street, below Eighth, at two A. M. about the tenth of November, in Reeside's stage. We had breakfast at Downingtown, where we took in the Honorable Judge Wilkins, of Pittsburgh, who had been Chairman of the Tariff Convention held at Music Hall, Locust Street, above Eighth; he was a Democrat. There were nine passengers in the stage, three on each seat. We traveled three days and three nights to Pittsburgh. Oh! how sleepy I was when we reached that city. There I found many customers, among them John Bissel, Wm. M. Semple and John Tassey. I accompanied Semple to the Presbyterian Church on Sunday; the Rev. Mr. Riddle had just accepted a call to that Church. His text was the first chapter of Job, nineteenth verse, "And, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young

men, and they are dead; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee."

From this city I went to Wheeling, where we had a good trade; thence to Zanesville, on the National Road, then a great highway, the charter of which was secured by Henry Clay, whose monument stands between Wheeling and Cumberland to-day. Zanesville was then, 1831, a great distributing point for mails and stages. I diverged from the National Road and went to Lancaster, Somerset, Circleville and Chillicothe. At Circleville I was introduced to Gen. McArthur, Governor of the State of Ohio. My journey from Circleville to Chillicothe was on the canal, then recently opened. This mode of travel was new and pleasant, much like traveling in a sleeping car at the present time. A Mr. Madeira kept the hotel at Chillicothe. At all these points I introduced myself and gave the merchants my cards. From Chillicothe, in company with two other gentlemen, I took a hack to Portsmouth. We enjoyed ourselves by singing "Home, Sweet Home;" then I went by steamboat to Ripley, where I had many customers, the Campbells, Evans, Hopkins, Liggetts, Humphreys, etc.; then I went to Cincinnati by boat. I arrived there after dark, and as usual, the steamboat on landing turned around, with her bow pointing up the river. Not being able

to see, I did not take notice of this, and when I went ashore I found myself as I thought, on the wrong side of the river, and now, sixty-four years since, have never gotten things straight. I stopped at the Pearl Street House, then lately built, torn down forty-six years since, kept in 1848, when I moved to Cincinnati, by Col. Noble, who was father of John W. Noble, the late Secretary of the Interior. On my arrival from the boat, I asked the clerk of the house not to put me in a room too high up, as I was afraid of being burned up.

That night there was quite a snow storm, and the next day, as I went out, I thought how beautiful this city is, how much like Philadelphia. At that time they used wood exclusively, consequently the snow was very white. Pearl Street had just been laid out by David Griffin, a man of great enterprise, who died at the age of sixty-five.

From Cincinnati I took the boat to Lawrenceburg. Here I knew all the merchants, and I think I sold all the trade except one house and that was Buel & Lane. Lane was a brother of the celebrated Jim Lane, of Kansas. Here I bought a horse of Norval Sparks and traded with Omer Tousey for saddle, saddle bags, buffalo overs, leggins, etc., the last an article new to me, made of green baize, covering the leg from the foot to above the knee. This

was known as the cold winter, snow staying on the ground for sixty or ninety days, all of which time the Ohio River was frozen. I had a customer, Erastus Tousey, cousin of Omer Tousey, of Lawrenceburg, who lived in Burlington, the county town of Boone County, Ky. I crossed the river to this place, and returned through the floating ice. It was court day, being the first Monday in the month of December. I called at Mr. Tousey's store after dinner, when it was crowded with customers. He asked me to come around about sunset. As requested, I called, he took me to his dwelling, introduced me to his family and to a number of lawyers and doctors, whom he had invited to meet me, and gave me an excellent supper; in sociability I thought Kentucky contrasted rather favorably with Indiana. On returning to Lawrenceburg, I started over the snow on my horse to Brookville, Ind., a distance of thirty-three miles, and arrived in the evening, being perfectly used up, not being accustomed to horseback riding. Here I saw my friend Richard Tyner, father of the late Assistant Post-Master General; his wife was a daughter of Governor Noble. Thence I went to Connersville, where we had a number of customers, among whom were George Freyberger, Amsi Clark and Harvey Lewis. In the town was the residence of Samuel Parker, a member of Congress, and Caleb

B. Smith, who became Secretary of the Interior in Lincoln's Cabinet, and I think the name of the tavern-keeper was Claypole.

Thence I went to Indianapolis, via Rushville, arriving about sunset in the afternoon, the first week of December. The population was 1,200; old trees and stumps were smoking all along the road and around the town. Here I felt at home, as we supplied dry goods to three out of four of the houses, namely, Conner & Harrison, Brown & Morrison and Harvey Bates. Mr. Harrison, the last survivor of these, died last year, eighty-eight years old. We also sold Nicholas McCarty a few goods, most of whose purchases were from Siter, Price & Co., of Philadelphia. He afterwards failed, owing them \$30,000 and gave up all his property to them on the condition that he should have ten years to redeem it. Before the ten years were ended the property was redeemed, and when he died I think each child of his received about \$100,000. Mr. Harrison fell at this time from a chair in his store and injured his head very much, and I helped to pull him home on a sled. Calvin Fletcher was our collecting lawyer. I went as far as forty miles west of Indianapolis, on what was called the National Road, but it had not been finished, to secure a claim of \$800, at Putnamville, against a Mr. Townsend, who had

moved from Morganfield, Ky., some years before, and had laid out this town. I stayed about two days awaiting his return from Louisville; as he did not return, I went over to Greencastle to see if his property had been mortgaged; found it had not, and returned to Indianapolis. Thence I went to Greensburg and spent Christmas, which was Sunday, 1831, with Mr. Gallion, an old friend and customer, whose oldest son was named Henry Clay. He had three stores, one at Greensburg, one at Brookville and one at Napoleon. I had the August before sold him over \$5,000 worth of dry goods for these stores. "Friend Burton," said he, "I will rig you up a jumper to-morrow, you need not have to ride on horseback, as it is fine sleighing weather." So Monday morning he rigged me up one made of hoop poles and a drygoods box, costing \$5.00. It was a beautiful morning when I started. As there was quite a hill to go down on the Michigan Road, and the reins without support lay close to the ground, I had no purchase on the horse, so he ran for miles, though I was able to keep him on the road, hallooing all the time, "whoa! whoa! whoa!" When I reached the first town, Napoleon, I got out and went into a store, found a number of men who had been shooting their rifles at turkeys, and asked the proprietor what he would give me for my rig, he replied

"\$3.50." I accepted it. I put my saddle on my horse and went that night thirteen miles to Versailles, where nearly every building was a log house. Early next morning I had my horse shod and reached Madison the same day, where I was at home, knowing most of the merchants there. It was at that time one of the largest towns in Indiana. We sold V. & J. King, John Searing, Wm. Dutton, Benjamin Hubbs, and many others.

Then I rode down the river to Jeffersonville, arriving about sunset, and found an acquaintance at the hotel, just leaving for Louisville in a sleigh. He was an old friend from Madison, lawyer J. F. D. Lanier, afterwards of the firm of Winslow, Lanier & Co., of New York; he recently died, worth some millions of dollars. "Burton," he said, "leave your horse here and go over to Louisville with me in my sleigh." "What about the ice on the river?" "Yesterday", said he, "a load of iron went over." So I did as he requested, and stopped at the Louisville Hotel. Sunday, the first day of January, 1832, I went to Christ Church. The Rev. Mr. Page preached and read the service. This minister died in Pittsburgh a few years ago. His text was the tenth chapter of Revelation, fifth and sixth verses : "And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven,

and swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer." Then he gave out the hymn :

"As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh;
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die."

The next day, January 2d, I started on my horse to Morganfield, Ky., to collect a debt owed to us. I left at day-break, without a mouthful to eat; took breakfast and dinner together beyond Salt River, eating chicken, and stopped only three-quarters of an hour to have my horse fed. The days being short, night came on pretty soon, but a mail-carrier, who led a horse with the mail-bag on his back, was going on the same road, and I thought it would be safe to go with him. That day I traveled fifty-two miles, and on no day afterwards did I travel so long a distance. After reaching Morganfield, I found my man had moved to Memphis. Here I spent Sunday, and thought one of the men of the house was rather heathenish, as he was out deer-hunting all day. Then I went to Princeton, where we had considerable trade—Pat Urey, Rackerby, Duncan, and others—thence to

Hopkinsville, where we sold Patton & Wheatly, George Ward, and others, thence to Clarksville, where we had customers—Billy Barksdale and many others, whose names I can not now recollect. I asked the old gentleman, who kept the hotel, and wore a queue, how he made such good coffee; he said all he had to do was to put enough in.

Then I went to Dover, Tenn., where Lee & Shryer were; Lee afterwards was Captain of the Old Hickory, dying after the war. I remember selling him, when I was a boy, a large bill of goods of about \$2,000, and asking him where he thought I was born: "You are a Yankee," said he. I said, "If I had not been born in Delaware, I would have been born in Massachusetts." Thence I went north to Franklin and saw my old friend Wm. McGoodwin, whom I knew for forty years. Then I went to Bowling Green. Here I felt at home with my old friend Thomas Quigley, who, years afterward, started me in the wholesale boot and shoe business on Pearl street, Cincinnati. He was an elegant business man, making most of his money in tobacco and pork; moving to Louisville he became a banker, and left a large fortune to his wife and children.

At Bowling Green I sold to all the trade; thence I went to Glasgow, passing the well-known Bell's Tavern, the best

eating-house on the road between Louisville and Nashville—venison, short biscuit, coffee and such luxuries were given us. I then visited Mammoth Cave, and, on the road, inquired of a man who lived in the neighborhood where it was, who said he had never heard of it. I entered the Cave about sunset, coming out about eleven o'clock. The guide gave us venison. We went inside several miles; found a corn-cob (which I brought home) that was twenty years old, oxen having been fed in the Cave in 1811, where they got saltpetre to make powder. Through Glasgow and Greensburg I proceeded clear up to Lexington, via Danville, at which place we had a customer of the firm of P. G. & G. Rice, whose brother was afterwards a distinguished Presbyterian preacher in Cincinnati.

From Lexington I went to Paris, and drove one day from Paris to Throckmorton's, ten miles distant, over the celebrated Maysville Road—which General Jackson had vetoed—the muddiest drive I ever had. I reached Maysville when the flood of 1832 was very high, and it was one mile across to Aberdeen. On the top of the hill at a stable I sold for \$60 my horse which had cost \$80. I then took the steamboat "Versailles" to Wheeling, then staged it to Ellicott's Mills, and then horse railroaded to Baltimore; there I stopped at Barnum's, the most

noted hotel; then took the blue coach to Washington, D.C., on the worst road then in the United States—the horses had no chance. I stopped at Gadsby's Whig Hotel; Brown kept the Jackson Hotel. I went that evening to the President's reception, though I knew no one, as I thought, but I found a customer, whose name was Glascock, from Fairfax county, Va., who introduced me to a Captain Smith, and he to General Jackson. This finished my first trip to the western country.

On my return, 1832, the cholera came into this country from Canada, and reached Philadelphia. I went down to my father's in Delaware in July and August and returned in September. There I heard a sermon by Rev. Dan'l H. Higbee, father of the late Rev. Edward Y. Higbee, afterwards Rector of Trinity Church, New York, upon the flight of Jonah from Nineveh.

In 1832 young Waugh was taking lessons in portrait painting, having letters of introduction from his uncle's firm, J. & A. P. Waugh, Greenville, Pa. He borrowed of me fifty dollars to pay his way home, as I supposed, but he went instead to Italy, there to be under the instruction of the best masters. I heard nothing from him till 1842 or 1843, when he returned to Philadelphia and told me he had no money, but would paint for the debt. He then painted

a most beautiful picture of my first and only daughter, Martha Siddons, who was about six or seven years old; he painted Hon. Simon Cameron, in full length; also a picnic scene of Joshua B. Lippincott and wife, Mrs. George H. Ball, and other figures. The painting, I understand, is highly appreciated by the Lippincott family, who have possession of it. Waugh remained in Philadelphia till he died, some fifteen or more years ago, much respected.

In 1833-34 I made a second trip West. On this visit I collected \$19,000, principally in bills of the United States Bank, and the State Bank of Virginia, the only bank paper then in circulation. I bought a draft from the Commercial Bank, Cincinnati (lately failed), on the Schuylkill Bank of Philadelphia, and paid one quarter per cent. exchange rather than run the risk of being robbed crossing the mountains in a stage. At this time Nicholas Biddle was the great mogul of the financiers of the country, and President of the United States Bank, that had its branches from Maine to Louisiana, and regulated the currency of the Union. At the failure of this Bank, caused by the hatred of General Jackson, many of the first families of Philadelphia, who owned stock therein, were made bankrupts, and the whole country appeared to be ruined. I was

fortunate enough to shoot a deer near Salem, Ky., while at full speed, with a United States flint lock shot-gun.

In 1834 I took a trip to New England. Knowing many agents who sold goods to us, I thought I would like to see what kind of a country they had. I went by way of New York, stopping at Bunker's Hotel, on Broadway near Castle Garden, and took a carriage drive through the city to Lafayette Place, which was then, I remember, in the most northern part of New York City. I left on the East River for New Haven on a boat which had the celebrated Daniel Webster as a passenger. At New Haven I stopped at the Tontine House, one of the oldest hotels in the United States, opposite the campus of Yale College. "This," said I, "reminds me of Paradise." The trees met over the street, and I thought it was the most beautiful place I had ever seen.

I then went by stage to Hartford. Here I spent Sunday, going to the Episcopal Church, and seeing the pew of Mrs. Sigourney, the poetess. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, son of the learned Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, of Philadelphia. Thence I went to Boston by stage, passing through Springfield, Worcester, and a great many villages. The stone fences seemed to impress me as much as anything ; the land was poor.

At Boston I stopped at the new hotel called the Tremont House, sixty-one years since, which has (1895) been torn down, whose clerk became the famous Stetson, of Coleman & Stetson of the Astor House, New York, who long ago made a fortune and died. Mr. Stetson was noted for his knowledge of faces and calling of names. I then went up to the State House to take a view of the surrounding country. The State House is next door to the home of John Hancock who signed the Declaration of Independence. A gentleman, to whom I had a letter, drove me out before breakfast to Mt. Auburn Cemetery, and there I was pleased to see, as I entered, the tomb of Spurzheim, having heard a good deal about Spurzheim & Gall on phrenology. We then breakfasted at the lake on fish and Saratoga potatoes. I was perfectly delighted with the character of the New England people.

Thence I went to Northampton. "Here," said I, "is the prettiest place I ever saw; I will go back to Philadelphia (I had made that year \$5,000 clear), I will make a fortune, marry a wife, and live here all my lifetime." Near this place I visited the top of Mt. Holyoke, and as it was a clear day I saw the East and West Rock at New Haven, sixty miles off. The view below was elegant, on this June day, the fields were divided into lots and appeared like a

carpet, on account of the variety of crops. At two o'clock Monday morning I went in a stage to Albany, getting there about sunset, passing over the Berkshire mountains and stopping at the Temperance House. I thought I would like to hear the Rev. Dr. Kirk preach, as I had heard him in 1829, in Dr. Patterson's Church, in Philadelphia. I went out to one of the evening services and was gratified. I then went to Saratoga by railroad, through Schenectady, this being the only railroad in New England or New York. The United States Hotel, Union and Congress Hall were about the only hotels at that time.

Having been admitted in the year 1833, when I was twenty-one, as a partner to the well-known firm of Johnson, Tingley & Co., with whom I had been seven years, my success depended in a great measure upon the action of the Government concerning tariff or protection; but the country was the most of the time under Democratic administration, and the great influence of the importers in New York kept the tariff in a condition that we never could calculate what we would have from year to year. Finally, in 1837-38, the suspension of the banks throughout the country took place and the people resolved to have a change in the administration, and General William H. Harrison was elected President. Well do I recall putting in the first vote in my

ward in Philadelphia for him in 1840. An old gentleman came up to me, after I had patiently waited, probably an hour or two, and asked the privilege of putting in the first vote. I apologized and told him it was too great a privilege after waiting so long (at this date all the wards in the city voted at the State House).

December 1, 1835, I was married to Catharine Martha, daughter of William Torbert, of Bucks county, by my pastor, the Rev. Jno. A. Clark, in Philadelphia. My groomsmen were Dr. Traill Green, who has been a Professor and President of LaFayette College, Easton, Pa., and who had a grand ovation from the Presbyterian ministers and prominent physicians of the State at the 80th anniversary of his birth; Frank Innes, then of the firm of Spering, Innes & Co. Wholesale Merchants in Market street, Philadelphia, long since dead, and Col. Simpson Torbert, a civil engineer who laid out the Whitewater Canal, and whose clerk was Erasmus Gest, one of the old citizens of Cincinnati, and who is now living. At this time two of my groomsmen and myself boarded at a religious boarding-house, where family worship was conducted at ten P. M., and a blessing asked before meals, at both of which I assisted. How many Christian *families* now have "daily prayer?"

We have had six children, all born in Philadelphia;

one of them a daughter, Martha Siddons, now living with me, her present name being Mrs. Joseph S. Morris.

The first son, Robert Bedell Burton, a graduate of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, died some fifteen years ago. Capt. William T. Burton, the second son, lives now at Clifton, near Cincinnati, O. The third son, Gideon C. Burton, died at the age of fifteen months. John Henry Burton, the fourth son, is now living near Philadelphia, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, having graduated from Hughes High School, Cincinnati, and from Kenyon College, of which he was the first honor man in the class of '67, being also a graduate from the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School in Philadelphia, in 1872. The fifth son, Kearsley Mitchell Burton, also a graduate of Hughes High School, is living at Mt. Auburn.

I am happy that none of my children have brought disgrace on the family, and that all are honest and truthful.

My wife and I lived happily together all our married life. She was a lovely lady, an excellent wife, a consistent Christian. She pleased me—I pleased her.

Alexander Ferguson, a neighbor of mine on Market Street, Philadelphia, told me a story about 1838, of John Price Wetherill, one of the chief white-lead manufacturers

in the United States. Mr. Ferguson said that Wetherill spoke to Struthers, who was the great stone-mason on Market Street, above Tenth, about building him a fine dwelling (say a palace) on his vacant lot on the north-east corner of Thirteenth and Arch Streets, diagonally across from Matthew Newkirk's stone palace that had been built some years before. A gentleman from Boston had letters to Mr. Wetherill, inquiring about the manufacture of white lead. He stopped in Philadelphia, at the United States Hotel, then opposite the United States Bank, on Chestnut above Fourth. He visited the Wetherill dwelling on Twelfth above Arch, which was a two-story double brick. On one side of the hall was a parlor, on the other side a library. On ringing the bell, a supposed servant came to open the door, and not giving very definite answers, this gentleman spoke rather roughly, saying: "I wish to see Mr. Wetherill!"

"I am Mr. Wetherill," said the man that opened the door.

The gentleman delivered his letters, and was treated very kindly by the host. After leaving, he went back to his hotel and wrote a letter of apology for the manner in which he had spoken to him. A short time elapsing Mr. Wetherill met Mr. Struthers, and said: "Struthers, I shall think nothing more about putting up that building

on that lot. If I can not grace a two-story brick building, I can not a marble palace."

I think it was in 1845, that Henry White, a retired merchant, of Philadelphia, with Caleb Cope and Josiah Randall, father of the late Sam'l Randall, all three great protectionists, concluded that a mortgage held on Henry Clay's Ashland property, of \$10,000, should be removed. No one was permitted to give more than \$1, except families, in which case, each member of the family could give \$1. I then had four children, viz.: Martha Siddons, Robert Bedell, William Torbert and John Henry. My subscription for them, with my wife and myself, made \$6 that I gave on the grand roll. A printed list of these names, and those of other subscribers, can be found at the rooms of the Historical Society in Philadelphia. Henry White, merchant, started for Lexington, Ky., taking the stage at Harrisburg, and rode all the way to Lexington. He went into the bank at Lexington and asked if they had a mortgage against Henry Clay on the Ashland property. "With due respect to you," said the gentleman, "how is that your business?" Mr. White handed him the draft for \$10,000. The Bank had no intimation that such an arrangement had been made. On hearing of it, Henry Clay not knowing who did it, except that they were Philadelphians, said: "Who has such friends

as I have?" He might have added: "Who such enemies?" This circumstance I give entirely from memory, as I have never seen it published. I put in my maiden vote for Henry Clay, in 1832. In no great city was Mr. Clay beloved so much as in Philadelphia.

Some time before Henry White took up the \$10,000 mortgage, Mr. Clay on a hot summer day came from Baltimore to Philadelphia via boat to Frenchtown, and by boat from New Castle to Philadelphia, (about thirteen miles) by railroad across the peninsula. He arrived on Saturday night at Henry White's residence, Locust street, east of Broad St., about eleven o'clock. A crowd, including myself, waited at the house to see him, on a moonlight night; we called out: "Clay! Clay! Clay!" Mr. White hoisted a window, which was on a veranda, saying that Mr. Clay was very tired and dusty,—they must excuse him. "Throw out his old boot!" some one of the crowd cried out. He then came immediately out and said a few words, and concluded by saying, "We are on the eve of the Sabbath, and as good citizens should retire." We all obeyed orders as if they were from one of our parents. Next day, Sunday morning, I attended the Epiphany, then at the corner of Schuylkill Eighth and Chestnut streets, S. H. Tyng, D.D., rector. Mr. Clay, attended by Dr. Chapman and Col. John

Swift (our mayor), mentioned below, sat well up in the east aisle of the church. When the minister said "Let us pray," Mr. Clay bowed reverently in prayer, the other two sat still; then thought I, he is head and shoulders above them both. Not a word was spoken as they left the church; the crowd remained and shook hands as he passed. He moved down the street, south to Locust street, the crowd followed; men ran out of the alleys, in their shirt-sleeves, and many shook hands from their windows,—thus showing their love for him.

Some years before, I attended a barbecue given to him in West Philadelphia, on John Hare Powell's grounds.

To-day I revere Clay's name—that of a man so pure, and the father of the American system, that made our country free from England and other manufacturing nations. On his leaving Philadelphia, a morning or two afterwards, from Walnut street wharf, I took my two oldest boys down to see him—the blowing of the steamer prevented them hearing him. I pointed to him, and said: "Now, my sons, look at him, and try to remember him—the greatest man living." To this day the mention of his name kindles a glow in my heart. He died a Christian, and now enjoys happiness.

In the Fall of 1844, when he was the Whig candidate for President, his election depended on the state of New

York. General Leslie Combs, of Kentucky, met me on Chestnut street, above Sixth, and said: "Good news just heard from beyond the long bridge of Western New York; news that makes Clay elected." We both went to the hotel kept by Jones, on Chestnut street opposite the Arcade, and he wrote a note to Mr. Clay that he was elected. Next day news came that Polk was elected. There being no telegraphic communication, he probably thought for twenty-four hours that he was elected. General Combs had been in the Mexican war.

I get the following from Judge Joseph Cox, one of the three survivors of the thirty-four pallbearers:

Mr. Clay died at the National Hotel, Washington City, on the 29th of June, 1852, at 17 minutes past 11 a. m. At the meeting of the Senate on the next day most eloquent and impressive eulogies were pronounced by Senators Underwood, Cass, R. M. T. Hunter, Clemens, Cooper, Seward, Jones and Brooks. The Senate appointed as pall bearers, Senators Cass, Mangum, Dodge, Pratt, Atchison and Bell; and to attend the remains to Kentucky, Senators Underwood, Jones of Tennessee, Cass, Fish, Houston and Stockton. The funeral ceremonies took place on Thursday, July 1. The procession formed at the National Hotel and followed the remains to the Senate Cham-

ber, where the service was read and the sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Butler, Chaplain of the Senate, now dead, in the presence of the President of the United States and both houses of Congress. His text was from Jeremiah xlvi, 17: "How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod." After the ceremonies, the funeral cortege, under the charge of the Senate Committee, proceeded to Lexington, Ky., by way of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Lake Erie, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Louisville and Frankfort, arriving at Lexington on Friday evening at sundown, on the 9th of July, and after the ceremonies of reception by the Committee at Lexington, the body was escorted to Ashland, and the final obsequies were celebrated on Saturday, July 10.

At every point on the route of the funeral cortege from Washington to Ashland, it was witnessed by immense crowds, who exhibited the most intense sorrow at the death of so beloved and distinguished a statesman. The remains reached Cincinnati by the way of the Little Miami Railroad, July 6, and were received by the Clay Guards of Cincinnati, a body of young men, wearing drab hats with dark bands (inscribed with Clay's name), black coats and white pantaloons. They numbered thirty-four—seventeen on each side of the hearse, the right column led by Henry

Clay Pate, afterwards celebrated as the leader in the fight against John Brown at Ossawattomee, Kan., and the left by Jos. Cox, now Judge of the Circuit Court. In addition there were the following: Dr. Thomas O. Edwards, C. C. Brown, H. Clay Berry, D. V. Bennett, D. L. Dickinson, J. Avery, H. B. Taylor, H. W. Burdsal, Joel Barlow, J. Rutherford, T. A. Vallette, D. H. Crane, John Pendery, Jos. Phillips, Jacob Traber, J. R. Wade, C. O. Andress, H. T. Hinsdale, T. C. Zells, A. G. Burt, T. Collins, G. W. Taggart, C. S. Abbott, W. C. Thorpe, W. Hank, A. Paddock, W. B. Cassily, Chas. Wetherby, Chas. S. Sargent, C. C. Guilford, J. White. Of these but three are now living: Messrs. *Paddock*, *Wetherby* and *Cox*. The procession was very large, and composed of military, firemen, citizens on foot and in carriages, and passed west through Fourth Street, and thence to the foot of Fifth Street, where the body was placed on a magnificent catafalque aboard a steamboat, which, with two others lashed to it, filled with passengers, then proceeded to Louisville where it lay in state all night, and then to Frankfort and to Lexington. At each place the Cincinnati Clay Guards were given the post of honor. At Lexington the remains were handed over by Senator Underwood with an impressive speech to the Lexington Committee, and were received by

Chief-Justice Robertson, with brief and eloquent remarks At the close of his address the procession was formed, headed by a cavalcade of horsemen and preceded by the hearse, followed by the Senate Committee, the deputation from New York in carriages as mourners; the Clay Guards of Cincinnati; deputation of 14 men from Dayton, 76 from Louisville, and citizens in the rear, and proceeded to the Ashland home.

There the remains lay until next morning, watched over by the Clay Guards of Cincinnati, during this, the last night before sepulture. When almost midnight, Mrs. Clay came in alone to pay her last visit to the corpse, and the guard withdrew for an hour, that she might not be disturbed. Early next morning an immense concourse gathered. "Upon a bier cushioned with flowers, and immediately in front of the door, they laid the iron coffin that inclosed the body of Henry Clay. Upon it shone a clear, cloudless sun; upon the breast of it reposed the civic wreaths, while strewn around were the floral offerings of every principal place from the National Capital to the grave" The funeral services were preformed by Rev. Edward F. Berkley, rector of Christ Church, Lexington, now living in Missouri, and then the long procession was formed in the same order as it came, and proceeded to the cemetery at Lexington, where

his body was deposited to rest till the morning of the resurrection.

The change of the tariff so often in those days made it impossible for the country to be in a steady condition. Polk's administration changed the tariff of '42 to the Walker tariff of 1846, and "Polk, Dallas and Tariff of '42," had been on their banners at and before the election.

I give short extracts from the New York *Tribune*, dated July 30, 1846 :

"The tariff bill of Walker and McKay has passed both Houses of Congress, and has doubtless ere this received the signature of the President. It takes effect December 1, and as the law of the land it is henceforth to be obeyed by all. We believe the change just made entirely wrong, flagrantly, grievously wrong, yet we shall studiously avoid 'panic making.'"

"When the crisis has been met with manful resolution, we apprehend that there will be quite disaster enough, suffering enough, because of this great national mistake. We fear that thousands upon thousands who would have been steadily employed and comfortably situated during the ensuing winter, if this bill had not passed, will now be destitute of employment and dependent upon charity for bread."

About this time, 1841, having bought the interest of Mr. Johnson, I went into partnership with Mr. Tingley, under the firm name of Tingley & Burton. Finding, in 1847, times so hard, and yet our credit first-class, we concluded we would open a branch silk store at Cincinnati. So on the 1st of January, 1848, after advertising in the newspapers west, and sending out over 2,000 circulars to men who were represented as being first-class by Goodrich & Co., Mercantile Agency, Philadelphia, who had written me up books giving the names of first-class merchants in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois (these circulars were taken off on stone, and at that time but few knew they were not written), we opened our stock; but unfortunately unknown to me, our firm at this time, though in splendid credit, proved insolvent. Had not this been the case, things would have been very different, as I had succeeded at Cincinnati, and was in advance of the age. Our Philadelphia house had a large trade in the South which was very uncertain. In three years I closed out the store and took two years to get out of debt, having given up every dollar I had. In the meantime, my friend Quigley, of Bowling Green, asked me my condition. I told him I had nearly paid my debts, but I would have nothing to put in business. He said that

he had something and would start me. He then started me as a special partner, and soon made the capital \$35,000, under the firm name of Gideon Burton, Wholesale Boot and Shoe Store. We then bought out Johnson, Pritchard & Co., 32 Pearl street, which firm moved to Boston, and after nine years business I bought out Mr. Quigley, giving him \$100,000 for his \$35,000.

In 1848, when I moved to Cincinnati, I remembered the locality of the pew in which President Adams had sat, and asked whose it was; they said Groesbeck's. He was the father of the Hon. W. S. Groesbeck. Some two years ago I asked Mr. W. S. if he remembered that John Quincy Adams sat in his father's pew? "Well, yes," he said, "this was fifty years ago." The church was long ago torn down, and on its former site stand some of the finest stores in Cincinnati.

Buffalo Hunt about 1849. Wood, who kept the Museum on the northwest corner of Fifth and Walnut streets, advertised a buffalo hunt to take place back of Covington. Crowds went over to see it. It was a hot, dusty day. Indians were to shoot the buffaloes; they would not run. It proved a farce, and next day no one could be found who would acknowledge being on the ground.

No doubt it will be interesting to many to say some-

thing about the cholera, in 1849. I went to Lewes, Del., in June of that year to the death-bed of my father, who died on the 15th of June, the same day that the President of the United States, James K. Polk, died. After I returned to Cincinnati, the cholera became very destructive. I had been advised by my physician to keep a prescription of calomel, camphor and opium in my pockets in case of an attack, and I also had a liquid, always prepared, which was a prescription of Dr. Vattier.

About five o'clock, on a Sunday morning in August, I was awakened by an attack. I immediately took a dose of the liquid, then called up my son to take the recipe to the druggist. He returned, I took it according to directions, I then sent for my physician, Dr. Richards, who, when he came, said I did perfectly right, as I would have been past recovery had I waited for him. I lay on my back till the next morning and when the doctor came, he said, "Your liver has been touched and you are saved."

This Sunday the Rev. Dr. Nicholson, whom we had called to St. John's, preached his first sermon at Christ's Church, and Mr. John Winston, of Meade & Winston, called on me that day to see me. I understood that Mr. Nicholson preached on the text, "Enoch walked with God and was not because God took him," and Judge Storer

remarked that he thought he would "run up to seed" meaning that he would become a high churchman, which he never did.

Dr. Comegys says that the cholera broke out in April, 1849, the second visitation of that awful pestilence. It came by way of New Orleans, and its ravages continued to the middle of August, of the same year. He thinks he saw the first case in this city in April, on Liberty Street, east of Broadway, in consultation with the late Dr. Bettman. The patient was a German emigrant who had just arrived from New Orleans. It soon broke out over all the city in a most disastrous manner. On the 23rd of July 180 persons died. The whole population of the city proper at this time was about 115,000. All who could fled. The physicians without exception stood their ground; but few of them died. It was thought by some, as Pittsburgh was but slightly affected, that perhaps coal smoke was a preventive. I had a large pile burning in my back yard, located nearly opposite the Wesley Chapel, East Fifth, next door to Wm. Neff, Esq. It proved of no effect.

About 1856 or 1857, while in the shoe business, I wanted a bookkeeper, and advertised for one free from bad language and not afraid to work. A young man, George C. Swan, who had been Cash clerk at Riley & Wood's

north-east corner of Vine & Fifth Streets, called on me and offered his services. He was a genteel person and wrote a beautiful hand. I told him I would give him \$1200 a year as bookkeeper, on condition that he went to a gymnasium, as he was quite stoop-shouldered and I thought could not otherwise stand the labor. He proved to be a very capable and conscientious young man.

After being with me probably two years, a gentleman who had gone into the banking business in Covington called on me, asking if I could spare him to be his Cashier. I told him I felt sorry to lose him but feeling an interest in young men, particularly in him, I would accede to it and without being asked went on his bond. Just before the war broke out this banker quit business and Swan got a situation at Lockhart & Ireland's, the well known large Dry Goods House on Pearl Street, remaining with them as their trusty cashier a number of years, during which time the house made a fortune. He then with his wife, having no children, went to California where he still lives. Some few years ago I got a charming letter from him speaking of old times and saying that he was in the Agricultural Business and the president of an Agricultural Society engaged in raising tropical fruits.

In the fifties, the firm of Sherwood & Chase, dealing in

hats, failed. Mr. Sherwood was a Scotch-Irishman of good reputation. Desiring to compromise with their creditors in an acceptable manner they selected two men from Pearl Street, merchants of good character, namely Bowen Matlack and Taft to examine into their affairs, and report what they ought to pay their creditors. After a thorough examination they reported fifty cents on the dollar. Mr. Sherwood went East with this proposition, and succeeded with all his creditors excepting one in Boston, a very large, rich house, with whom the large shoe house of M. E. Reeves & Co., kept their cash account and from whom they bought a large amount of merchandise. This house declined any settlement.

Early one morning, before breakfast, I found Mr. Sherwood sitting way off by himself in the American House, as I thought "like a sparrow on a house top." I thought perhaps I might render some service to him. He stated he could do nothing with this house; I think he owed them about \$5000. Knowing Mr. M. E. Reeves intimately, being myself in the same line of business, I went the next morning, before breakfast, to the Revere House to see him on the subject. After stating the case with as much effect as I could, he replied, "Do you indorse all this?" "I do," said I, and left him. That day Mr.

Reeves called upon the firm and through his solicitation they accepted the compromise of Mr. Sherwood. Mr. Sherwood's son is now reporter for the Commercial Gazette.

In 1863, at the time the city of Cincinnati was threatened by the Kirby Smith raid, Ex-Mayor Bishop, Col. Guthrie of the 2nd Kentucky Regiment and myself, waited upon Col. Lew Wallace, in charge of the Cincinnati department of troops, at the Burnet House, and asked him to declare martial law at once, which he did the next day. I had known, as a merchant in Philadelphia, 1834, the Colonel's father-in-law, Isaac C. Elston, from the Wabash, Ind., and thus claimed a slight acquaintance with him. The condition of Cincinnati at this time was truly awful—to use a word every day improperly applied. What would come next no one could tell. Governor Morton of Indiana, a noble patriot who fought the Knights of The Golden Circle, hurried all his available troops to Cincinnati to save us. Regiment after regiment came down and crossed the river on pontoon bridges, as then we had no bridge across the Ohio River. Citizens upon citizens rushed over to Covington, working in the trenches. Among the regiments were the squirrel hunters, with their long small-bore rifles. Our Governor Todd, then a democrat, was loyal and gave all the assistance he

could. While living on Broadway, below Fourth, one hot September night, past midnight, I was wakened by a shrill skyrocket, certainly the most shocking sound I had ever heard. Many of the volunteers were on the Cincinnati side, waiting a notice of an intended attack by Kirby Smith. I thought, why don't they at once rush over? Why the delay? Their regiments were fed, shall I say entertained at the market-houses, on Fifth Street. Four of us had charge of the distribution — Peter Gibson, Maj. O. H. Geoffroy, Nick Patterson and myself, ladies in abundance helping. It was truly a sight. How we felt towards them — yes, loved them. It was a daily task for some time. The citizens were expected to hang out their flags, especially some democrats not thought very loyal. I remember Mrs. Louderback, who kept an ice-cream and cake establishment on Fourth St., rushed to one of her friends who had not put out his flag and forthwith it came out. The populace were in a state of great excitement. The merchants did not know what would become of their stock of goods should the rebels cross over.

Knowing Mr. David Sinton, who had been a customer of mine before the war commenced, I asked him if he would guarantee my stock of boots and shoes (value \$35,000) good against the rebels for 10 per cent., but he

refused. Afterwards the city council, of which I was a member, ordered a splendid portrait in oil of Governor Oliver P. Morton, painted by T. Buchanan Read, as a mark of gratitude for saving us by sending his troops so quickly to Cincinnati. There was at this time a company of old men—Hon. Bellamy Storer being one of their number—called the Home Guards.

In the fall of 1864 we had a draft in my ward, which was the Fifteenth, afterwards the banner ward. They elected me Chairman of the Committee to get the ward out of draft, at which time a great many were enlisted. We sent about thirty or forty men to my son, Wm. T. Burton, then Lieutenant, who had charge of Company B, 7th Ohio Cavalry, placed at that time near Cumberland Gap. We collected between fifty and sixty thousand dollars, and on April 13th, 1865, the Committee was honored with a fine supper at the St. Nicholas, costing \$800. The committee consisted of Gideon Burton, Herman Lackman, Thomas E. Hunt, Benjamin Robinson, Joseph Smith, Joseph DeCamp, T. F. Randolph, I. H. Heinsheimer, A. L. Frazier. I had the honor of presiding at the supper. Fighting General Joe Hooker sat at my right, and the "Spread Eagle," Rev. Mr. Gaddis, at my left. Most of those present are now dead, probably half a dozen of them are still living. Among those that I

remember were Josiah Kirby, Capt. Harry Tatem, Ezekiel DeCamp, Thos. E. Hunt, Herman Lackman and Wm. Powell, of Mt. Auburn; the last took great interest in getting up the supper, and handed to me the other day the menu. Upon examining it I find buffalo tongue the only article included in it that cannot be supplied now on account of the extinction of the race of buffaloes. Mr. Powell has since died.

In the fall of 1865 our ward thought that as I had taken such interest in getting them out of the draft, I should be elected their member of the Council, which I was, without any opposition. When, shortly after, the contract of the City for gas had nearly run out, being greatly interested in the question, I visited the principal cities of the East to ascertain at what price gas could be furnished to our citizens in Cincinnati, and at Pittsburgh I found an old retired merchant who was a member of the Committee on Gas, who gave me a full statement of what it cost them. On the eve of our election I reported through the *Gazette* that, from all the information I could get gas could be furnished to the citizens of Cincinnati for \$1 a thousand, and the next day the citizens voted to buy out the Company by a majority of nearly 5,000. I suggested that should they buy it out, the parties managing it should be non-partisan, and proposed three out of the number, Jos. C. Butler,

Henry Kessler and Miles Greenwood, all of whom are now dead. What was done we all know. I can also state that at one of our elections a superintendent of the Gas Company marched up a large company of the employes in a body to the polls to vote for their cause.

Before my term in Council had expired I moved into what was called the Sixth Ward, and Mr. John Gates was elected in my place in the Fifteenth Ward. The Indianapolis, Cincinnati & Lafayette Railroad wanted the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad to come up through the canal with them, in place of running South, where they were. To effect this the road must have the approval of the City Council. They took extreme measures to compel the Ohio & Mississippi to agree to their suggestion, and bought up a number of the Council, irrespective of party, for this purpose, giving one party a house and lot, worth some thousands of dollars. Mr. Gates and myself were invited down to visit headquarters; there they displayed to us their maps, and the amount of property the I. C. & L. owned, hoping thus to influence us, but, knowing our character, they made no offer. The Council voted to turn off the O. & M. Road, but it had twelve months to remain. In the meantime it bought up the Council and remained where it was. Being a friend of

the O. & M. Road, and thinking they had equal rights with the I. C. & L., I asked the parties how could they have done such a thing. They answered: "The other Road had no right to get permission to order us out, and we thought it no impropriety to take the same measures to get back."

I served two years as President of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, a society then little known, yet one of the most important moral organizations in the country. John D. Hearne, Esq., is now President of the Cincinnati branch.

In 1878, owing to the depreciation of stock, bad debts, and some unfortunate investments, known only to my son Robert and myself, and the failure of a hat house I was interested in, I found myself insolvent.

As yet no note had been protested, and my creditors not knowing my condition, I called over my friend, Washington Lee, of the firm of Hearne, Lee & Pinckard, to look at my books with my book-keeper. After an examination, he thought I could pay fifty cents on the dollar. Mr. Lee, by invitation, accompanied me to Boston, called my creditors together and made a report of everything I had. I would say that had I been younger, perhaps I would have run the risk of continuing in busi-

ness; but being sixty-nine years old, I felt my strength would not enable me to do it. My creditors thought that I should pay more than fifty cents. "Why," one person remarked, "You ought to pay seventy-five cents." "Well, gentlemen, if you think so, I will give you my extended notes at seventy cents on the dollar, or I will give you sixty cents first-class indorsed paper." The latter they accepted. I then thought "What shall I do for a living?" Just then Mr. Harvey DeCamp, President of the Farmer's Fire Insurance Company, died. "Now, here is a chance for me," I said. So I determined to get recommendations for the office. I went the same evening to my old friend, W. W. Scarborough, of Walnut Hills, asking him to draw up a recommendation for the office of President of a local fire insurance company. "Certainly," said he, and in a few minutes he gave it to me with his signature. The paper read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, merchants and residents of Cincinnati, having known for twenty years or more, GIDEON BURTON, who has been for that time a fellow-merchant, take great pleasure in testifying to his high standing, his thorough integrity and untiring industry, identified for so many years with mercantile interests of Cincinnati, intimately connected and acquainted with its

business men, and with those who are engaged in manufacturing. He would, for the position of head of an Insurance Company, bring to its advantage this knowledge, and would necessarily add to its business, which his own good judgment could care for, to make it a profit and success."

Cincinnati, November 23d, 1878.

The following are the names which headed the list containing about 165 more merchants and manufacturers :

W. W. SCARBOROUGH,	ROBERT MITCHELL,
JOHN SHILLITO,	RICHARD SMITH,
DAVID SINTON,	HENRY LEWIS,
B. F. BRANNAN,	D. B. PIERSON,
JOHN KILGOUR,	A. S. WINSLOW,
D. J. FALLIS,	W. F. THORNE & Co.

This manuscript I still have. Mr. Adam Gray, who had the agency of a number of companies, met me at this time and suggested a partnership, which I accepted. Both of us had been unfortunate in business, and both were energetic—he had been but little known, I had been a merchant in the city for thirty years. We had been in business but a short time when we had offered to us and accepted the agency of one of the oldest and largest companies in the world—the London Assurance. They required a bond of

five thousand dollars. I remarked to Mr. Gray that I would attend to this, and when his other companies saw the names of W. W. Scarborough, B. F. Brannan and Martin Bare as bondsmen, they were a little astonished, as probably neither before had ever gone on any bond. Mr. Gray was a man of great ability and energy, probably none more so in the business. For the last eight years I have been by myself in the insurance business, and, am happy to say, making a comfortable living, and my course of life has been such that I fear not to face any one on the ground of integrity.

MY RELIGIOUS LIFE.

My mother taught me when I was a little child, before I retired to bed, to kneel down before her and say the Lord's Prayer, and "Now I lay me down to sleep." My older brother, who was afflicted all his life-time, was very religious. His example made a good impression upon me.

While I was young, we churchmen, as we then called ourselves, had church only once in three weeks; other denominations being more zealous, had their meetings weekly or oftener; they thought less of us than they should have done. They once took in a man whom my father knew to be dishonest—of course he felt badly under the circumstances—he said to me: "My son, we believe in

Christianity, but let me say that you will never get to heaven if you are dishonest." This saying has followed me all my life, and thus saved my conscience when put to the test. I will add he had family worship every Sunday morning and evening, and catechised the children every Sunday night.

I distinctly recollect my first Sunday in Philadelphia. We boarded at 133 Market street, with a Quaker lady, named Milner. The first church organ I ever listened to was at St. Paul's Church, Third below Walnut, of which the Rector was the Rev. Benjamin Allen. The clerk who read the responses was named Husband, and his son was the architect of the First Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati rebuilt 1850. At night my brother Benjamin took me to St. Andrews, whose Rector was the Rev. Mr. Bedell. It was the first Sunday of the month of November, the sermon was delivered to young men; a tall young man by the name of Clemson, read the service. He died a few years ago at a very old age. The church was crowded. I sat on a front seat near the chancel. I remember reading on the wall over the chancel, "Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, forever." In 1888 I visited the same Church again, and saw the sentence still there.

I had been with Johnson & Tingley about a year when

Mr. Johnson's nephew, John M. Taylor, and another young man in the store, took me into their room to teach me how to play cards. I had gone but a very short distance in the lesson before the door opened and his uncle, who was a Presbyterian, appeared and scolded his nephew for teaching me. "John," said he, "you do not know but this may be the ruin of this young man," thus whipping me over John's shoulders. I thought that I was ruined at once, had lost all character in the eyes of my employer, when I had made up my mind to succeed and to let nothing be in my way when I entered the store. He did not say a word to me, all to his nephew. I withdrew with the pack of cards, went down into the street, tore them to pieces, threw them into the gutter and said, "You will never ruin me."

At the time I was a young man, over sixty years ago, the theaters in Philadelphia were most shocking places. They had a third tier of disreputable females, and all young men on their first visit to the theater went to see all the sights, and as a consequence suffered morally. Afterwards, when living in Cincinnati, I said to my boys, "Boys, if you can say what I can say now, when you are twenty-one years of age, that you never were in a theater, I will give you each a check for \$100. If I have not the money, I will borrow it." Robert Bedell, the eldest said to me one

day, "Father, give us the money and lay it out in land and may be it will be worth something by that time. Will you trust us?" I answered "Certainly, I would not have a boy I could not trust." Mr. Gustavus Foos, then a citizen of Springfield, formerly a customer of mine in Philadelphia, and now living, being a large manufacturer, was going out to Iowa and agreed if I wished it, to invest the money for me. I gave him \$550 in gold to invest in eighty acres of land for each of my boys, which he did. I paid the taxes on it until they were twenty-one years old. So none of my boys went to the theater until after they were twenty-one years of age; and my opinion of the theaters is that they are a very great curse to the community.

On going to Philadelphia, I attended St. Andrews Church, of which Rev. Gregory Townsend Bedell was the rector. I soon became interested and attended the Friday evening lectures in the little back room on the lot. One hot evening when the room was crowded, the Rev. Chas. P. McIlvaine, then of West Point, lectured for Dr. Bedell, upon the subject of the grain of mustard seed and the little leaven. On the conclusion of his address Dr. Bedell arose and said: "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out." "Now, if any of the congregation

after being dismissed, would like to converse on the subject of religion, we shall be happy to have them remain." The whole congregation, communicants and all, remained. He then remarked that he would meet them the next Monday evening in that room when he would have some of the brethren to assist him. It was that night, I think, that I surrendered my will to God, an act which is called, in Scripture, conversion. On Monday night I went to the meeting. The first promise that I could apply to myself was, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

Years after this the Doctor had an attack of sickness; the first Sunday after his recovery he sat on a stool in the pulpit and preached from the text: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Which text, he said, he wished placed on his tomb. The text was accordingly placed on a memorial tablet which was sunk in the wall in the rear of the chancel.

I then attended all the weekly as well as Sunday services, including Wednesday and Saturday evening Prayer meetings conducted by the laymen, in the absence of the minister. Among those conducting the services were Joshua Copeland, Dr. Bullock, Thomas Crumpton, Wm. V. Bowers, Wm. C. Russell and Wm. H. Diehl, the

last four became ministers of the Gospel of the P. E. church, and all of them are now dead. Dr. Crumpton lately died at the ripe age of 90.

There were Friday evening lectures by the rector. They were always opened with Hymn 36 ("Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone;") when closing, Hymn 40 ("Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,") was sung. All the congregation sang these familiar hymns. The whole number of the church collection of hymns was 212. At one of these meetings on a rainy evening, the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, just called to St. Paul's, preached extemporaneously his first sermon in Philadelphia, from the text, "Go and sell all that thou hast, etc." I thought I never heard such speaking without notes. At this time I attended the Bible class on Sunday mornings, taught in the organ gallery by Mr. John Claxton, half-brother of the late Rev. R. B. Claxton, D.D., of Philadelphia, the latter a member of the class. Among other members were Joseph P. B. Wilmer, afterwards mentioned who died some ten years ago, and Rev. Kingston Goddard, D. D.; all of the class except myself are now dead and gone. At this time I sang in the choir, of which Thomas C. Loud was organist, Mrs. Charles Treichel, niece of Bishop Hopkins, soprano, her husband bass, myself alto. At a quarter to two o'clock I went to a

Mission Sunday School just started in Commissioner's Hall, Second above Christian, about a twenty-five minutes' walk. The teachers at that time were Arthur G. Coffin, our Superintendent; Wm. V. Bowers, already mentioned, and dead long ago; Thomas W. Evans, of Germantown; James Messenger, who went as Missionary to Africa and has been dead many years, and others. On many Communion Sundays, I went without my dinner, and whilst a teacher for twenty years, in Philadelphia, I can say to the best of my recollection I was late only twice. I generally attended church at 3:30 in the afternoon always in the evening, and felt sorry on Monday that I had to go into the world again.

In 1825, the Church throughout the United States was in a very low condition; other denominations looked upon us as such. The revival of Gospel truth in the Protestant Episcopal Church, which has permeated its whole extent, was furthered by such men as Drs. Allen, Bedell, Tyng, Suddards, Johns and Henshaw, of Philadelphia and Baltimore; Drs. McIlvaine, Hawks, Milner and Muhlenberg, of New York; Bishop Griswold, of the Eastern Diocese; Bishops Moore and Meade, of Virginia; Bishop Chase, of Ohio; and Dr. Brooke, of Cincinnati, O. Good old Bishop White never threw a straw in their way, often

attending the evening services of St. Andrew's Church, which were held once a month, sitting in the chancel without his robes. Unlike Bishop Hobart, of New York, he was a member of the American Bible and Tract Society. Dr. Bedell, of St. Andrew's took special interest in Sunday Schools. He had a Bible class of young ladies one afternoon of the week, of which Rev. Mr. Smith, afterward presiding Bishop of the Church, was teacher. In asking questions he had them all numbered so that he called by the number and not the name. Dr. Bedell met the teachers in his vestry room once a week and once a month at his house on Spruce street, and had connected with his Church, including a number of missions, 1,500 Sunday School scholars. All the teachers were very zealous and presented Christ in all his fullness. Of those who took part in this work but very few, or none, are now living. At this time no great interest was taken in the Sunday Schools of the churches of any denomination.

The Church at this time was free from the two extremes of Ritualism and Broad-Churchism, if I may so speak. It was called High and Low Evangelical. Both parts were strictly orthodox. Both believed in the two Creeds of the Church, its Thirty-nine Articles, and its Prayer Book. The latter preached more of the necessity of a new

heart, and took more interest in the cause of Missions, Sunday-Schools, Bible and Tract Societies, which the former did not, but they were more particular in keeping the letter of the rubrics. The former however, never held any irregular services in a Consecrated Church.

All ministers of the Church preached in the black gown, using the surplice. About fifty years ago two ministers, one of the high and one of the low Evangelical part of the Church, Right Rev. G. W. Doane and Rev. Wm. Newton, preached in their surplice, and in time the whole Church was convinced of the propriety of this change.

Probably about 1826 the Rev. Chas. P. McIlvaine, afterwards Bishop of Ohio, was Chaplain to the cadets at West Point. Quite a revival took place under his preaching. Many were not only converted but became ministers of the gospel, one of whom was afterwards Bishop Polk, of the Diocese of Louisiana. It annoyed considerably the authorities. They said they did not hire chaplains to make their military men preachers, and he was reported as doing this. After this time he was rector of St. Ann's, Brooklyn, N. Y. He delivered a number of addresses on the evidences of christianity, which are a text-book in some of our Episcopal Theological Seminaries.

In about 1827, I heard a sermon from Rev. (afterwards Bishop) Meade, of Virginia, the text being "And Agag said, Surely the bitterness of death is past." It was on a short day in winter; and as there was no gas, lamps were brought up by the sexton, Mr. Cotterall. Mr. Meade was afterwards a candidate for the Assistant Bishopric of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, and came within one vote of being elected; Rev. H. U. Onderdonk was afterwards elected. In the same year I heard a sermon at St. Andrew's Church from Rev. John Henry Hopkins, then a rector at Pittsburgh, afterward Bishop of Vermont, and once a celebrated lawyer, from the text, "And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" He had a brother who was in the tobacco and snuff business on Market street, near Ninth, and was the father of Rev. Geo. P. Hopkins, now at Stevensville, Pa., whose first parish was at Doylestown, Pa.

I was confirmed in December, 1828, at St. Andrew's Church with fifty-eight others, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop White. In the afternoon Dr. Bedell addressed the converts together with the congregation, from the text: "Pay thy vows," his sermon was republished by his son, the Bishop of Ohio, who is now dead. A copy of this sermon was bound for me in Turkish morocco (my name on

one side and "Pay thy vows" on the other, I still have the Sermon and read it over once a year,) by a young man named Jos. P. B. Wilmer, employed in the American Sunday School Union's Book Store, on Chestnut street, above Sixth. He afterwards attended Kenyon College, Gambier, O., and the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, D. C. His friends in Philadelphia, including his brother John, built for him the beautiful church, St. Mark's, on Locust street above Sixteenth street. He was a successful minister, and became Bishop of Louisiana. On the Christmas following my confirmation, I took my first communion, now sixty-six years ago. After the old communicants had received the communion, we assembled, fifty-nine in number, and stood in two rows in front of the chancel, not altar, where our dear pastor, Dr. Bedell, delivered us a short address, telling us our consecration to God, the privileges that we were about to enjoy, including the communion, and that hereafter our lives should be devoted to Him.

In 1828 or 1829 two of our Mission Schools of St. Andrew's,—one from Commissioners' Hall, Second street, above Christian, and the other from Sixth and Catharine streets,—united in celebrating the Fourth of July, marching with the Stars and Stripes down the neck (as we called

it) in the direction of Point Breeze. We saw the celebrated Stephen Girard riding in a one-horse carriage; I can recollect he had but one eye.

The funeral sermon of Rev. Benj. Allen, who had been the rector of St. Paul's Church, for some years, was preached by our rector, Dr. Bedell, about the year 1829 or 1830. "When you have," said he, "or when this church has no more weekly lectures, no more prayer meetings, no more Sunday schools, no more missionary meetings, then write upon this chancel, this pulpit, this wall, 'Ichabod, the glory has departed.'" The hymn sung at this service was No. 160 of the old collection of 212:

"When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears."

When I was about 18 years old, after uniting with St. Andrew's of Philadelphia, I thought on the subject of studying for the ministry, but remembering the Hic, Haec, Hoc, I feared I never should accomplish it, and made up my mind to continue as merchant, and that I would do all the good I could in Sunday School teaching and in giving to the church. My father, supposing from my letters, I was

neglecting my business, wrote me that if I desired to study for the ministry he would send me to Bishop Chase, at Kenyon College, if not I had better attend to my business.

Years afterwards I took a class in the church, under the Rev. John A. Clark, and then the Bible class, (which I had formerly attended when it was taught by Mr. Claxton,) and continued this class in the lecture room until I moved out to Cincinnati, in 1848. On looking over old letters, the other day, I found a note written by John A. Clark, then a boy of eight or ten years of age, a son of our rector, now a first-class lawyer in Philadelphia, on Walnut street, below Fifth, and probably sixty years of age. The note was in answer to questions that I gave to the class on "Why do we need salvation?"

A number of Christian young men formed a Youth's Tract Society, which originated at St. Andrews Church under Mr. William Russell. I joined this Society and we distributed tracts; we afterwards changed the name to Young Men's Tract Society. While it was the Youth's Tract Society I had the honor of being Vice-President, and the Rev. John Martin, who died in 1893, aged eighty-four years, was the President, and Thos. W. Evans, mentioned before, was a member. We had our anniversary before we changed the name from Youths', in the Vestry room

in the First Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. Albert Barnes was pastor.

The next year, 1832, I was elected President of the Young Men's Tract Society. We distributed tracts generally, and to the market people and the fish women in the Sunday market. The greatest cross that I had to take up in my Christian experience, was to go before breakfast to these market people and give them tracts, for I would see the older merchants coming along. Once I gave a tract on the Trinity to a market-man, who was a Hicksite Quaker; afterward asking him how he liked the tract, he answered, "I don't understand thee about the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." I answered "Neither do I know how my soul and body are together," and left him. The next anniversary in 1833, was held in St. Paul's Church, and I had the honor of being President of the Society and Chairman of the meeting. My pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bedell, who died the following year, opened the meeting with prayer, and we were addressed by a young man, about twenty-nine years old, who had just accepted a call to St. Paul's, the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng.

The next one who addressed us was Rev. Mr. Sproull, who had a church on Race street, below Fourth; and the last speaker had just arrived from Yorkshire, a Wesleyan

Methodist, who had produced quite a sensation by preaching in the churches of different denominations; among them Boardman's Church, corner Twelfth and Walnut streets. (The Diocese of Pennsylvania purchased this building and the lot on which it stood, and have erected a splendid Diocesan House.) He told an anecdote of a tract distributor in London, who had a wooden leg. As he was making the usual monthly distribution, one family (who were Hebrews) would not receive his tracts, and always shut the door when they saw him coming. One time when a man opened the door, he thrust in his wooden leg and a tract went with it, and that tract converted the man. This minister afterward became agent of the American Sunday School Union, and came west to Ohio to establish Sunday schools, where Bishop McIlvaine met him and induced him to unite with the Episcopal Church. The first church he took was one at Zanesville, Ohio. At this time Grace Church, of Philadelphia, had just been built and the Rev. Dr. Brinckley was Rector, who, finding he was not successful, resigned. Two members of the vestry took the stage from Philadelphia to Zanesville, and called the Rev. Mr. Suddards, and brought him on with them, and he remained rector of Grace Church, Philadelphia, for over forty years. He is now dead.

A few days ago I came across an anniversary pamphlet of 1833 of the Young Men's Tract Society, giving a full account of the meeting just described, and also a letter of the Hon. Wm. Wirt, author of the life of Patrick Henry, directed to Gideon Burton and R. Bethel Claxton, Committee, regretting his necessary absence, and wishing us great success. The following is an extract, dated Dec. 10, 1833:

"If any time were at my command, then, there are few objects which I should deem it a more imperious duty to promote by all the means in my power, than the circulation of these tracts, which, I am sure, have done so much for the cause of the cross. I consider them among the happiest expedients that were ever hit upon to excite and feed the appetite for Christian knowledge. I am sure that you have the fervent prayers of all sincere Christians for your success. Had I been at leisure, I would certainly have attended your call; as it is, my fervent wishes and prayers are all I have to offer.

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM WIRT."

It will be remembered that, while at Washington, he pronounced a eulogy on Jefferson and Adams at their decease, which took place July 4, 1826, and was beloved by all who knew him.

In 1833 I attended a convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Virginia, at Alexandria, D. C., in

company with my rector, Dr. Bedell, and wife, James C. Hulme, and I think, Geo. S. Scofield. We took the stage at Beltzhoover Hotel, Baltimore, in the Blue Line of coaches, traveled some thirty odd miles to Washington; and stopped in Alexandria at a private house of an Episcopalian, on a very hot day. Not an aspen leaf could move. The seminary was high up above the town. A number of my friends were there, studying for the ministry. I visited Mt. Vernon, and saw the tomb of Washington that had been opened on the late visit of LaFayette, 1824 or 1825, and attended services in the church in which Washington worshipped, in Alexandria, and cut a cane from a bush near a spring by the road in the woods.

In 1836, when the Rev. Jno. A. Clark was rector of St. Andrews, the foundation of the steeple which had never been built, was taken down and a new Sunday School, lecture and vestry building was put up in its place, three stories in height. The first floor was occupied as a Vestry room and an infant school room; the second as a lecture room; the third floor had two rooms, one for the male and the other for the female Sunday School. Before I took the Bible class in the church I had a class in this male Sunday School department. Arthur G. Coffin was then our Superintendent. As far as I can recollect the teach-

ers at this time were George W. Taylor, John B. McKeever, George Knorr, Benjamin G. Godfrey, John Bohlen, Lemuel Coffin and Richard B. Duane. My boy, Robert Bedell, was then a member of the class taught by Mr. Godfrey, (who still lives near Philadelphia,) and his family has now a book presented to him by Mr. Godfrey. Lemuel Coffin, a gentleman who originally belonged to the Congregational Church of Rev. John Todd, afterward became an Episcopalian; he is now living, and I might say, is a model of a man in laboring for his Master, and in his noble gifts of charity; he is at present one of the wardens of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia.* John Bohlen, a warden of Holy Trinity, in his will left \$10,000 to establish the Bohlen Lectures. Duane, a young man, was a great grandson of Benj. Franklin, and son of Wm. J. Duane, Secretary of the Treasury under President Jackson, who lost his office by refusing to remove the United States deposits. This young Duane was a salesman on Front street in the house of David S. Brown & Co. In my intercourse with him I was impressed with the fact that he would make a valuable minister of the Gospel and said to him one day, "Duane, have you ever thought of studying for the ministry." "I

* He has since died leaving a large amount of his property to charitable Institutions.

have been thinking this matter over and concluded that as far as my judgment is concerned you should." He said he had not. I afterward mentioned the subject to our Superintendent, A. G. Coffin, who agreed with me and afterward spoke to him, and when a third party spoke to him he began to think seriously on the subject and studied for the ministry. He was a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church for probably twenty years. In the latter part of his ministry he was Secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society and I was impressed at the time that he had done more good in the same length of time than any other man that I had known. At a visit to St. John's, Cincinnati, probably eighteen years ago, he presented the Missions of the Church and visited the Sunday School making an address in which he said that the person who first spoke to him about studying for the ministry was there present, and I am happy to say it was myself.

In 1836 or 1837, while in business on Market street, Philadelphia, a young man, about 21 years of age, Joseph Parker, called in and asked me to see him privately. We walked up stairs. He had been educated as a Liberal Friend, was about six feet high, of bold front and had been one of the leaders in a Fire Company. He leaned across the counter,

burst into a flood of tears and exclaimed "I must put on the straight coat." "What is the matter with you, Parker," said I. I thought some party had imposed upon him in some terrible way, when, lo! it was the Spirit of God striving with him. After a short conversation, I asked him to go with me. We went to the residence of my dear rector, Rev. John A. Clark, in Sansom street, below Eighth, for advice and consolation. After talking with him awhile we all knelt in prayer. In a few days he was the happiest man I have ever seen, and he has never been otherwise since. He is still living in Philadelphia, eighty years old. He has been a continuous worker for the Master from the day of his conversion, conducting cottage meetings, and visiting the poor and needy. He was afterwards successful in bringing one of his brothers, Edward, into the Church, who was an excellent worker and at his death left a hundred thousand dollars to the colored institution near Philadelphia, called the Colored Home for the Aged. I received a letter from Mr. Jos. Parker, a few days ago, giving me a list of one hundred persons that we formerly knew. But one of that number is now living, my old friend and former pastor, Rt. Rev. Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island. What an encouragement is this case to young men to devote their lives to their Saviour who bought them.

During the latter part of the ministry of our beloved rector, Rev. Jno. A. Clark, at St. Andrews, his health became very delicate and his congregation sent him to southern Europe, hoping he would recover, but his journey did not restore his health. On his return he published his travels, called the "Glimpses of the Old World," which are exceedingly interesting. Finding his sickness had somewhat affected the attendance on his church, and in sympathy for his family I had a handsome portrait of him painted by Waugh (an artist well known to Philadelphians,) and presented the same to his wife. His son, Jno. A. Clark, spoken of before, has this picture to-day in Philadelphia. Mr. Sartain, an engraver now living in that city, and about ninety years of age, engraved it. Some few years ago I found stowed away in a drawer that had not been opened for many years a number of these pictures, and on examination I found they were engraved by Sartain and published by Gideon Burton, which fact I had entirely forgotten.

Old Bishop Moore, of Virginia, was a charming man. I heard him preach several times in Philadelphia, once at old St. James, Seventh, above Market street, his subject being "The Ten Lepers"; a second time after the death of his nephew, Dr. Bedell. "My dear nephew," he said. The late

Bishop Bedell, was much like him in height, form and long hair; see the full length painting at the Philadelphia Divinity School.

I remember well the Sunday morning on which the Rev. Dr. Bedell, late Bishop of Ohio, and Dr. Claxton, were ordained deacons in St. Andrews Church, Philadelphia, by Bishop Onderdonk. In the afternoon, at St. Andrews Church, Mr. Bedell preached his first sermon, the subject was "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.*" In the evening, (it being the third Sunday of the month, on which St. Paul's Church was always open,) Mr. Claxton preached his first sermon from the text, "Adam, where art thou?" Mr. Bedell was called first to the church at Westchester, Pa., then to the Church of the Ascension, New York, the only churches of which he was ever rector. After I moved to Cincinnati, Joseph Moore, of Madison, Ind., and myself induced Mr. Claxton to move out to Madison. He was a very practical business man and very successful in Sunday Schools. He moved thence to St. Paul's, Cleveland, and thence to St. Luke's, Rochester, and afterwards was a professor in the Divinity School of West Philadelphia, and rector of St. Andrew's Church, in that vicinity.

Some eighteen years ago, when dining with Bishop Bedell, at Gambier, in company with Ex-President Hayes

and lady, Chief Justice Waite, and my son, the Rev. John Henry Burton, the Bishop told his guests that the turning point of his life when he could surrender to the Saviour was reached through the influence of my early associate, Jas. C. Hulme, who remarked to him one day, "Thurston, I can say nothing more to you. I have said all that I can about your becoming a Christian, the responsibility lies upon you," and left him. The Bishop said that interview settled the great question with him.

Dr. Bedell, together with Dr. Colton and Dr. Tyng, and a number of laymen, started a college at Bristol, Pa., to be under Episcopal management, which afterwards failed. I well remember Thurston Bedell, afterward Bishop, speaking in a dialogue at one of their meetings at the college after he had left Dr. Muhlenberg's Institution, at Flushing, R. I. At this time one of the Professors was my bosom friend, Jas. C. Hulme, just before mentioned.

The Rev. Francis L. Hawks, who had left Flushing Institute some years before and located at Holly Springs, Miss., and was afterwards rector of St. Thomas' Church, New York, was elected Bishop of the Diocese of Mississippi. The general convention held at St. Andrew's church, Philadelphia, was asked to confirm his election. It was one of the most trying scenes that I have ever witnessed. His great

extravagance and expense at Flushing Institute was the charge against him. His defense before the convention was the most eloquent speech that I ever listened to in my life. His voice was superior to any that I have ever heard. "My character," he said, "is dearer to me than my life." He was not confirmed. The convention adjourned after dark, when it began to rain. I remember some of the speakers on both sides. Those in opposition were Rev. Ed. Y. Higbee, Rev. Dr. Meade, Ezekiel Chambers, and others. Meade was very angry, and said sooner than sign a paper confirming Dr. Hawks election to the Episcopate, he would cut off his right hand or arm and hold up the bleeding stump. I distinctly remember his saying these words. One who spoke in confirmation of the election was Senator Berrian, from Georgia, a fine, tall stately gentleman, a strong Whig, and one other person from South Carolina, whose name I cannot remember; but none was so touching as Dr. Hawks himself. Though not then personally acquainted with him, I immediately offered my umbrella to him and Dr. Morton, a former rector of St. James, lately deceased, then a young man, to whose residence, on Filbert street, below Tenth, I accompanied them. I have often heard him preach and read the services; he was inimitable. Well do I remember the Psalm that he

read in 1827, when he was rector of St. James' Church, Philadelphia; "Lord, who's the happy man that may to thy blests courts repair !!"

At a former General Convention in St. Andrews Church, Sept. 1835, he was nominated for the Bishopric of the Southwest; *i. e.*, the state of Louisiana and the territories of Florida and Arkansas. He refused, and remarked, "The Good Book says that the Lord will provide for the young ravens when they cry; but no where," said he, "does it say he will provide for the young Hawks." Cicero Hawks, his brother, was afterward Bishop of Missouri. The brothers were born in Newbern, N. C., in a house which I saw in 1837 when I visited a customer there. At the same convention Bishop Kemper was elected Missionary Bishop of the Northwest; *i. e.*, Missouri and Indiana.

In 1845 I moved to Schuylkill Fifth, (now Eighteenth street) above Arch, and started a mission school by visiting the neighborhood on Saturday afternoons. It was held in the building at the south-east corner of Summer and Schuylkill Fifth. I purchased the pipe organ that belonged to Dr. Bedell; paid \$175 for it, got my nieces, Hannah and Elizabeth Rodney (the former now the wife of the Bishop of Oregon) to play. We were all zealous. One room for the infant class was taken by Rev. Samuel Durborow, who

was a City Missionary in Philadelphia, and, until recently, Superintendent of the Protestant Episcopal Missionary work, dying a few years ago, greatly loved by all who knew him. We had two large rooms in one, forming an L for the main school, where we had two hundred Sunday school scholars. Afterwards my business compelled me to live nearer my store, so I moved down town, and one of my old clerks, from 1836 to 1840, on Market street, Edwin W. Lehman, removed the benches and the Sunday School to a church that was just beginning, called the Atonement; and about the time I moved to Cincinnati, the Rev. Kingston Goddard was called from Brooklyn to take charge of this church. Mr. Lehman, now probably seventy-eight years of age, is Senior Warden of the Church of the Atonement. He says this school was the beginning of the Church of the Atonement.

I have just learned (November, 1895), of his death—a man of a lovely disposition and a working Christian.

Before I left Philadelphia I had been a vestryman of St. Andrews Church several years, under the rector, the Rev. Thos. M. Clark. On his resignation, we called Dr. Stevens, who afterwards was the Bishop of Pennsylvania. The first child he baptized at St. Andrews was my youngest son, Kearsley Mitchell. I am the only one now living of the

vestry that called him. Some years after this Dr. Stevens was promoted to the Bishopric of Pennsylvania, and the Rev. Dr. Paddock succeeded him as Rector, and now, after a lapse of thirty-two years, he continues in his position. He has kept up the high reputation of St. Andrews, and under his administration tens of thousands of dollars have been contributed by the congregation for charity and religious purposes, and hundreds of communicants have been added to the church. He is a man who preaches Christ and Him crucified.

I returned and brought my family to Cincinnati a few months after I came myself, about August, 1848.

I attended Christ Church, the Rev. Dr. Brooke, rector, where N. G. Pendleton, Bellamy Storer, Mr. Bishop, now of the LaFayette Bank, 88 years old; Richard Smith, one of the editors and proprietors of the Commercial Gazette, and John Wynne, were teachers in the Sunday School. I was also a Sunday school teacher when Drs. Butler and Goddard were rectors; I had charge of the infant school, and I remember on one occasion I had 175 pupils in attendance. A number of these pupils have since become men of note and business talent. One of them, G. R. Harms, of the Palais Royal has been very successful; he is now retired and is Mayor of Bellevue. Another, John B. Scheibly, is now

Superintendent and Manager of the McIlvain & Spiegel Boiler and Tank Company, and a third is a minister in the Evangelical Lutheran Church. It is a pleasure to me to be recognized by my old pupils so many years after I had taught them.

In 1849 James C. Hall, Dr. Strader and myself united to get up a subscription for a new Episcopal Church, to be located in the western part of the city. We formed a vestry and extended a call to the Rev. Wm. R. Nicholson, of New Orleans, who had lately been received from the Methodist Church, influenced to make the change by the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks. Dr. Nicholson's character I shall always respect. He never preached anything but the pure Gospel—Christ and Him crucified. He is now a Bishop in the Reformed Episcopal Church. With little effort we raised \$2,500 for a year; called him at \$2,000, and rented Melodeon Hall as our place of worship.

I have lately seen the old original subscription book, with sixty-three names, and contributions amounting to \$2,500—\$2,000 for salary. Only three of this number are living who worshipped at the Melodeon.

We formed a vestry, everyone of whom is dead but myself; A. J. Mead, who was in the vestry before the church was finished, is now living in New York.

Afterwards we started to get a subscription for a church of \$50,000 or nothing, and bought a lot at the south-east corner of Plum and Seventh Streets from Nat. McLean, paying \$20,000 ; the subscription for \$50,000 was secured; a building committee was appointed ; a contract to build the church was let. Isaiah Rogers, who built the Burnet House, the Astor House, New York, and the Tremont House, Boston, was the architect. He desired to have the handsomest and grandest door-way in the United States, and in this I think he succeeded. The church was named by Bishop McIlvaine " St. John's," and when the \$50,000 was spent on the lot and building, the roof was just completed. Then a new subscription was necessary that the whole amount might be obtained. All has been paid since that time. Mr. Thos. G. Odiorne and myself transferred the property a few years ago, by the permission of the vestry, to St. Paul's for the small sum of \$12,000, hoping and expecting to have a very large church with two ministers, we advancing \$2,000 to the ministers we had then, thereby showing what interest we took in the project. In the mornings for twenty years at St. Johns, I had the Bible class of young ladies and gentlemen, from thirty to forty in number, many of whom

became members of the church, and some ministers of the gospel.

I must state a little incident, showing gratitude, that occurred when I commenced the shoe business in Cincinnati, in 1854. A porter in my employ, being afraid of the first porter, who was a very austere man, came to me and said, "Mr. Burton, I must leave you." "Why," said I. He said, "I cannot live with that man, I am afraid of him." "Well, Barney," said I, "I will get you a situation then." I got him a situation worth \$50 a year more than I was paying him, an act that any business man should do. He told me since that he was then a very poor man, a tailor, with a large family just come from Germany, and did not know what to do. In the meantime he accumulated enough to buy two houses in Covington, and when I was unfortunate some seventeen years ago, he came to me and said, "Mr. Burton, I feel very sorry for you, and I pray for you every Sunday morning when I go to my church (Roman Catholic.) What an example this is to all Christians, for how little gratitude we have.

In about 1856, or 1857, there was a little mission at the corner of Wade and Central Avenue, conducted by the Rev. Mr. McGhee and wife. They moved to Michigan, and the school was transferred to a building on Clinton

Street, afterwards called the Church of the Redemption, of which Rev. Mr. Maltby became rector. Here I took charge of the school. At this time there were no such things as reed organs or melodeons to aid us in singing. Four times a year I gave a magic lantern exhibition to the Sunday School, which was always a great source of enjoyment to the children. A number of its scholars turned out to be persons of some note, and only a few days ago the Secretary of the Pounsford Stationery Company, Mr. Blakemore, thanked me for what I had done. I asked him if he was a member of any church, and he said he was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church at Avondale. One of the scholars was Rev. Mr. Edwards, our present Archdeacon. We were a live mission. Afterwards this church was consolidated with the church that Rev. Dr. Wright was interested in, and called St. James, at the corner of Richmond and Cutter Streets. At this time, after leaving the Church of the Atonement, I went down to a mission called the Children's Home, where they sang as in other Sunday Schools, though it was under the control of the Friends, and its principal founder was Murray Shipley. After having a ladies' bible class about two months, unknown to myself I was elected Superintendent. Whilst here I persuaded a few

of the scholars to come up to my morning bible class. One united with the church and is a noted Presbyterian minister in Chicago, Rev. John Rusk, Ph. D. He was not connected with the Home as most of the scholars were, he was of English Quaker Stock. We had a good school, good teachers and patrons and a number of ladies; among them George D. Smith, his two daughters, Fannie and Laurel, Howard H., his son, M. M. and Frank White, Thomas Kite, A. H. Pugh, and A. H. Stuart.

After remaining there for a number of years I went down to the Bethel in the afternoon, some twenty-five or more years ago, still retaining my Bible class in the morning at St. John's. Here was a glorious field. Brother Rev. Thos. Lee, whose equal I have never seen, had charge of the place, with the following assistants: Philip Hinkle, R. M. White, John Dubois, Chas. H. Gould, Jno. Gates, G. H. Gibson, John Gibson, Levi E. Stevens, Frank R. Thompson, and Dr. J. Taft, the last and myself the only ones living of these directors. All of them were also teachers. The condition of my health at length compelled me to resign. After my resignation the Hon. David Sinton was elected in my place as a director, and made the Bethel a present of \$100,000 in bonds. Consulting with Rev. Dr. Davidson, my rector, we concluded that we would start a Church in the

Northwestern part of the city. I began with Mrs. Tranchant, Mrs. Nichols and Mrs. Jas. A. Harper and a few others to collect a Sunday School at the Northwest corner of Clinton and Baymiller streets, where we soon gathered a large school, six of my Bible Class having volunteered to help me, and soon the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Father of the present Archdeacon, became our Missionary, St. Luke's Church was formed and opened at the Southwest corner of Baymiller and Findlay streets, and was recently very prosperous under the Rev. Lewis Brown. Some time afterwards I took a Bible Class at St. Luke's, and then the infant class.

Since moving from the city to Mt. Auburn some ten years ago I have attended the Church of Our Saviour, and continue in the morning to be a substitute, having been sixty-six years a Sunday-school teacher, fifty-six years of this time twice a day, and I hope to be one as long as I live; and my opinion is, after so long an experience, that male teachers who have been successful, too frequently quit teaching and working for their Lord.

I will say in conclusion, I have never done anything for which I have any claim upon the Master; I have come short in everything, and I only look for salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ. And I hope my

children may ever try to be guided by the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

PHILADELPHIA IN YE OLDEN TIME.

In 1825, when I entered Philadelphia, the Episcopal Churches were : Christ's Church, St. Peter's, St. James', St. Paul's, St. John's, Trinity of Southwark, St. Andrew's, St. Stephen's, and the Swede's Church, and one over the Schuylkill, St. Mary's. Bishop White had associates with him in charge of Christ's Church, St. Peter's and St. James. Rev. Dr. Abercrombie and Rev. Jackson Kemper, and, later, Rev. Wm. H. DeLancey. Dr. Kemper became a Missionary Bishop of the North-west territory ; a noble worker. Dr. DeLancey became Bishop of the Diocese of Central New York. He served many years as the Secretary of the Diocese of Pennsylvania and was much respected. St. James' Church afterwards called the Rev. Dr. Hawkes who remained but a short time and was followed by a young man, the Rev. Mr. Morton, who died only a few years ago, while rector of the same church, quite aged.

St. Paul's rector was Rev. Benjamin Allen ; St. John's was Dr. Boyd. Of Trinity Southwark the Rev. L. S. Ives, afterwards Bishop of North Carolina, was rector, who finally

went over to the Church of Rome. He was succeeded at Trinity by the Rev. Dr. Meade, who died in Connecticut a few years ago when 93 years of age. St. Andrew's had the Rev. Gregory Townsend Bedell. No minister of any denomination could draw larger congregations than he ; he always looked in the pulpit as if he thought " I have a message from God unto thee." His health was never good ; he felt the great responsibility of his charge and spoke as though he believed what he said. (Why do not all ministers speak with more earnestness and thus excite the interest of their hearers ?) His manner I never have known to be excelled ; his sermons when printed were simple Gospel truths.

Dr. Montgomery was at St. Stephen's, a man of sincerity and ability. I have seen Dr. Abercrombie on a Sunday morning walking to his church in his black gown and black silk gloves. He was a marked reader. I heard him read a lesson at St. Andrew's one evening in which occurs, " He is of age, ask him," which struck me forcibly. He wanted his congregation to respond, and here I will say most ministers will not give the time for the congregation to respond, and run through the service most sacrilegiously, especially in the Lord's prayer, Confession and Creed. Bishop White was the first Bishop of Pennsylvania (which included the whole State and also Delaware).

There being then no railroads nor canals, traveling was very tedious and difficult, mostly by stage coach and horseback. The Bishop was loyal to his country in the revolution, and was Chaplain with Washington in the army, and shared the deprivations of Valley Forge. When he walked our streets in Philadelphia he was always looked upon with reverence. His tall, stately form, in black coat and knee breeches was very impressive. His speech was inarticulate, as he had lost his teeth, and at that date false teeth had not been introduced. It was not uncommon to see old people of both sexes with their noses and chins close together. It has always been a pleasure to me to remember, that he laid his hands upon the head of myself and 58 others at dear old St. Andrew's, in 1828, five years after its consecration. I think he died in 1836. I remember the time his funeral sermon was preached at Christ's Church, by Bishop Onderdonk, then his Assistant Bishop, from Psalm 49:12. "Nevertheless man being in honor abideth not: he is like the beasts that perish." I remember the tolling of Christ's Church bells for him. Of course all the Episcopal Churches in the city were dressed in mourning on that day, now 59 years ago.

One of the first teachers of the infant school of St. Andrew's Church was Ashton Claxton, an uncle of Dr. R.

B. Claxton. It was said he could not address his class without having his pencil in his hand, turning it around all the time. He was an oddity. He had a small book store near the Indian Queen Hotel on Fourth Street, consisting mostly of religious books. Every now and then he would shut up his store for a day or two, fearful that he was becoming too worldly minded. His successor I think was John C. Pechin; then came Harriet McKeever, who wrote a number of books for the American Sunday School Union. I think she was a teacher in the Sunday school when I left for Cincinnati in 1848.

It was wonderful that in 1825 so few churches of any denomination had steeples. Christ's Church was the only Episcopal, and the church on Arch above Tenth, called Dr. Skinner's, was the only Presbyterian. St. Stephen's had towers. In 1842 St. Peter's had one put up. Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer was rector. Neither Christ's Church or St. Peter's had a cross on their steeple. A vote was taken in the vestry of St. Peter's and they were equally divided on the cross. Rev. Mr. Odenheimer gave the casting vote for it in the vestry. In the forties a great change took place. Then and since numerous steeples have been erected on churches of all denominations and now the Episcopal churches throughout the country, where they have a steeple

have also a cross. All the Episcopal churches at this time had the I. H. S. both on the reading desk and on the pulpit.

The city at this time extended westward only to the Schuylkill river, and then only from Walnut to Arch streets. On the other side of the river, at Francisville, was a church, St. Mary's, whose present rector, the Rev. Thomas C. Yarnall, D. D., I remember as a boy in Market street; his father was a wholesale druggist. This gentleman has probably been rector of a church longer than any other minister in the Diocese of Pennsylvania. I also remember St. Thomas' Colored Episcopal Church, a brick building on the west side of South Fifth Street. In front, near the roof, was inscribed, "The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up."

St. Luke's Church was built principally by members of St. Andrew's, Wm. Welsh, Esq., the chief mover, James J. Dundas, Wm. H. Newbold and others. After the church was built they called the Rev. Mr. Spear, recently deceased, over 82 years of age. They bought a splendid organ, built by Hook, of Boston, and had for organist W. H. W. Darley, who was very popular. The same parties built St. Phillips, Vine and Eighth streets, and called Rev. Dr. Neville. After he left, they called the Rev

C. D. Cooper. About this time I met Thos. H. Powers on a boat on the North River, regretting the loss of his rector, Dr. Neville; he said that his successor could never supply his place, Neville was so eloquent a preacher. I replied: "You take note now, and also in a few years, and you will find that Mr. Cooper will have more members added to his communion than any rector in Philadelphia." After this I compared from year to year and, found it to be the case. About 1854 I visited St. Philip's and their Sunday School, where I found my old friend, Samuel Allibone, one of the teachers, whom I had seen baptized years before in St. Andrew's Church, and who afterwards was the noted biographer of authors. I took one of their Sunday School teacher's chairs and a class form; using them as patterns, I had chairs and forms built for St. John's Sunday School in Cincinnati, of which, at this time, I was the Superintendent. Dr. Cooper was called to St. John's, Cincinnati, after the resignation of Dr. Nicholson, but did not accept. Afterwards he resigned to accept a call to build a new church, called the Church of the Holy Apostles, which has been remarkably successful. On reference to the Church Almanac, I find that this church has over 800 communicants, and a very large Sunday School. Dr. Cooper is now above 80 years of age—this

year, 1894, he has just resigned his charge. There was a report that when he took charge of a church he told his congregation that if they wanted devotional services when he visited them, to hand him a Bible. He had the happy faculty of securing superior working laymen, without whom no great success can be achieved by any minister.

The Presbyterian Churches in Philadelphia in 1825 were, as near as I can recollect, the following: The First Church, on Washington Square—this Church had lately been built, having been moved from Market Street below Third—the pastor was the Rev. James P. Wilson, D. D., a man of very great ability. The Second Church was at the Northwest corner of Third and Arch streets, the Rev. Dr. Janeway, pastor. The Rev. Dr. Ezra Stiles Ely was the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at the corner of Fourth and Pine streets. Dr. Ely, about 1836, I think, was sent out by the Presbyterian Church to establish a Theological Seminary at a little town called Marion, a few miles from St. Louis. After a few years this proved to be a failure, and the Doctor returned to Philadelphia and was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, out Filbert street. Rev. Dr. Patterson, was pastor of a church in Northern Liberties. The Rev. Dr. Skinner was the pastor of the Church on Arch above Tenth, whom I

remember hearing preach the funeral sermon of Dr. Wilson, and he afterwards preached the funeral sermon of the Rev. Albert Barnes, the successor of Dr. Wilson. He moved to New York some fifty years ago. One of the Presbyterian Churches was located on Ranstead Court, entrance Fourth below Market, west side, where the great Bourse is now building; the pastor was the Rev. Dr. Ingles. It was the only Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia that had an organ. The precentor was Mr. Woodward, the tobacconist, on Market street below Fourth. It was in this Church that the celebrated Albert Barnes was tried before the Presbyterian Church for heresy. I was present at the greater part of the trial, my store being only half a square off. The Rev. Dr. Plummer and Rev. Robt. Breckinridge were among the most prominent prosecutors. The Rev. Dr. Beman, of Troy, N. Y., and others were for the defense. The whole community were interested on behalf of Mr. Barnes, and were satisfied that he was not guilty of the charge. The Presbyterian Church became divided into what was called the old and new schools, and probably forty or fifty years after this reunited. Soon after this the congregation (before mentioned) at Third and Arch streets, moved to the new church on Seventh below Arch, a few doors from Zane street, and

about three doors from the old Mint. Dr. Janeway dying, the Rev. Dr. Cuyler was chosen pastor. Dr. Winchester's church was on Spruce street, below Sixth street, Dr. McCalla's church was on Spruce street, between Third and Fourth; he was a strong Calvinist. Rev. Dr. John McDowell came to Philadelphia about this time.

I think in 1832, Dr. Lyman Beecher, father of the late Henry Ward Beecher, anticipating the establishment of Lane Seminary at Walnut Hills, preached a sermon in a number of Presbyterian Churches in Philadelphia. I remember one passage of the same: "Go into the dark corners of the earth and expose them to the rays of the Sun of Righteousness." In 1848, when I moved to Cincinnati, he was still at Lane Seminary. In 1833 or 1834 I visited Lawrenceburg, Ind., and heard his son, Henry Ward Beecher, deliver an address on the last night of the year; it was very eloquent. He soon left and accepted a call to a church at Indianapolis, thence he went to Brooklyn, where he died. Dr. Lyman Beecher was a strong man of decided ability—was called to a church in Boston years before to combat Unitarianism. I think it was in 1844, while on a tour west, I stopped in Cincinnati at the Henry House, at that time the best hotel in the city, where President John Quincy Adams was lodging hav-

ing just dedicated Mt. Adams. Next day I attended the Second Presbyterian Church, Fourth street, near Race. Dr. Beecher preached from the text: "As for me I will behold thy face in righteousness. I shall be satisfied when I awake, with thy likeness."

The churches in Philadelphia of the Methodist denomination at this time, 1825, were not numerous, but they all had a large number of members. The Academy, Fourth near Arch, was one of the most noted. In this church near seventy years ago I heard the Rev. Dr. Bascom preach from the text "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." He was then President of the Methodist College at Augusta, Kentucky, and was very eloquent. A few years afterwards this church was torn down and the Merchants Hotel was built on the site. There was a Methodist Church above Race street on Fourth, about New street, called St. George's, where Rev. Dr. Cookman was minister. This gentleman was afterward lost in the steamer President, one of the first steamers that plied across the ocean. His son was a Methodist preacher, and his grandson also, the latter a few years ago applied to the Bishop of New York to be admitted into the Protestant Episcopal Church, but died before this took place. At St. George's I heard the great man of the denomination, Durbin, preach,

who usually preached about two hours. In his sermon he repeated Blair's "Unhappy Close of Life." There was a church on Thirteenth street below Spruce, and one in Christian street, between Third and Fourth.

At this time the Baptists had a church in Sansom street, above Eighth, the pastor was the Rev. Dr. Staughton, one of their most eloquent preachers. Rev. Dr. Brantley was pastor of the church in a small street or court near Third and Arch; he was a very large man, from Georgia; he was succeeded by Rev. Dr. Ide. Dr. Perry's church was on Spruce street, between Fourth and Fifth. At this church Joseph Parker, was baptized by immersion by the Rev. Mr. Harris, the father of the present Dr. Harris, rector of the church at Chestnut Hill. He became a member of our St. Andrew's Church. I was his sponsor.

The Dutch Reformed Church, Crown above Race street, had the Rev. Dr. Livingstone for its pastor. This congregation afterward removed to a new church on Tenth street, corner of Filbert. The celebrated Dr. Bethune was pastor. There were a number of Lutheran Churches, one was a large brick building, Fourth street above Arch; also St. John's, on Race above Fifth, of which old Doctor Meyer was pastor. The oldest German Reformed Church was on Race below Fourth, it afterwards had

for its pastor Rev. Dr. Sproull. There was but one United Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Wiley's, on Eleventh street, opposite what is now Girard Street; George H. Stuart was Superintendent of the Sunday-school. At this time the whole square, from Market to Chestnut and Eleventh to Twelfth, was owned by Stephen Girard, and was a lumber yard, all of which he left to the city.

In 1826 I visited, with the Rev. John Tassey, of Pittsburgh, a church called the Independent Church, on Thirteenth, above Market, to hear the Rev. Jno. Chambers, whose text was "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, Maran-atha." Mr. Tassey remarked on our return, "No man can preach as loud as that for any length of time." A church was built for Mr. Chambers on Broad, south of Chestnut street, and he lived to be ninety years old, crying as loud as ever. A Scotch lady named Duncan, in a critical condition, left Europe for America, in a ship which encountered a very heavy storm. It looked as if all would be lost. She promised the Lord if spared that the first son she had should be consecrated to Him, as a minister, and that she would build him a church. Her life was spared. Afterwards she had a boy, who became the celebrated Dr. Duncan, of Baltimore, and

she built the church as promised—the one in which we heard Rev. Mr. Chambers preach.

In 1827 the Friends or Quakers had a division in their Society, Elias Hicks being the leader of the so-called Hicksites (Unitarian in doctrine.) The Orthodox took the large meeting houses Fourth and Arch and Twelfth near Chestnut, opposite the Square owned by Stephen Girard; also at Fourth and Green, and Ninth and Spruce, on Orange west of Washington square, on Fourth street south of Chestnut, and Pine below Second. The Hicksites took the meeting house on Fifth street and Cherry, where afterwards I attended the marriage, on a week day, of Edward M. Davis to Lucretia Mott's daughter, she delivering an address on the occasion from the text "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." General Fremont selected Mr. Davis as one of his aids during his campaign in Missouri in the late war. I think they had another meeting house but do not remember its location.

The Unitarians had built one church at the corner of Locust and Tenth St. Rev. Dr. Furness was their minister. being now ninety years or more of age.

In 1825 there were a number of Roman Catholic churches in Philadelphia. The most noted one was St. Augustine's, on Fourth north of Race, opposite New street. This church

was burned by the lower class of the American party in a raid, I think early in the forties. I remember being on top of Davis' forwarding house up Market street looking at this fire, and saw the steeple fall in. One of the firm of Slevin & Bros., who had large wholesale dry goods houses at St. Louis, Louisville and Cincinnati, lived out Walnut street opposite Rittenhouse Square, in a marble palace built by Dr. Physic. After this night raid, he resolved that he would live no longer in Philadelphia, and moved to New York. He and his family were Roman Catholics. He was the buyer for the different branches of the house. The house in Cincinnati did a very large business, including banking, which in the end was the cause of their destruction, as they had received in deposits large amounts from depositors at high rates of interest which they were unable to return.

The second Roman Catholic Church was at Thirteenth, between Market and Chestnut. Living on Girard street, one square east of this church, I remember well the ringing of its cracked bell. The priest was afterwards the celebrated Arch-Bishop Hughes, of the diocese of New York. He and Thurlow Weed, of New York, were appointed by Secretary Seward, Commissioners to Europe to excite sympathy for the cause of the Union. Bishop McIlvaine and the Rev. Dr. Butler went to England for the same purpose,

and also Henry Ward Beecher. Hughes was probably the greatest bishop of the Roman Church in America. He had a public discussion with Rev. John Breckenridge, a Presbyterian minister, who was a professor in Princeton College. The other churches which I remember, were St. Mary's, on Fourth, below Spruce, St. Alphonsus', on the north-west corner of Sixth and Spruce, and St. Joseph's, corner of Willing Alley and Third street. Up to the thirties, during service on Sunday, all churches were protected from the noise made by vehicles. Heavy iron chains were drawn across the street and fire engines ran by upon the pavement.

Some old persons may remember a demented woman, called Crazy Nora, who was, or had been, a Roman Catholic, and who paraded the streets wearing a man's hat. The children were afraid of her.

Among the lawyers that I remember from 1825 to 1835 in Philadelphia, were Horace Binney, John Sargeant, Joseph R. Ingersoll, Chas. J. Ingersoll, Wm. B. Reed, Wm. J. Duane, James M. Broom, George M. Dallas, Bloomfield McIlvaine, Chas. Chauncey, Peter A. Brown, David Paul Brown, Wm. Meredith, Wm. M. Meredith, Jos. McIlvaine, Bouvier, and Ingram.

Mr. Binney was a native of Connecticut, in manner

very dignified. He was very fond of music, and was a violin player in his youth. He was a Warden of Christ's Church when John C. B. Standbridge was organist. They got a new organ from Urbin of New York, a very valuable one. Standbridge did not like the trumpet stop and asked Mr. Binney to let him improve it, he promising if he did not make it better to have it replaced by the organ builder, which was granted. Mr. Urbin came on afterwards in much distress to think that his organ had been tampered with. Mr. Standbridge asked him to go to the other end of the church and listen, while he played on the organ. Mr. Urbin claimed the parts that Standbridge had put in, thus giving Standbridge confidence in his work, so much so, that he became an organ builder. The first one he made was a parlor organ for Mr. Jones, a member of St. Luke's Church ; then he made an organ for the Unitarian Church at Tenth & Locust Streets, and afterwards one for St. Andrew's. The latter two gave general satisfaction. In 1850 he built one for St. John's Church, Cincinnati, at my request. I remember the freight by canal was fifty cents per hundred. This was decided to be the best organ in Cincinnati at that time. Mr. Standbridge has long been dead. Mr. Binney lived to be over 100 years of age, outliving most of his children.

John Sergeant was considered a very superior lawyer, most of his cases were tried in the higher courts. Henry A. Wise's second wife was his daughter, and I think the present Governor Wise was his grandson.

Wm. J. Duane, spoken of before, was Secretary of the Treasury under Gen. Jackson.

James M. Broom was a very large, fine gentleman. George M. Dallas was a very handsome man, wearing his hair very long back of his ears. It was he, who, while Vice-President in 1845, gave the casting vote in favor of the celebrated Walker Bill, which proved so fatal to the interests of the country.

Bloomfield and Joseph McIlvaine were brothers of Bishop McIlvaine. The former was one of the most eloquent men at the bar, the latter became mayor of Philadelphia.

Peter A. Brown was a man much respected, and built the Arcade. David Paul Brown was the greatest criminal lawyer at the bar, a man very neat in his person, wearing a swallowtail coat, parading up and down the court room while the trial was going on, now and then taking out his snuff box giving it perhaps to his client or the jury, he appreciated his position and had a human heart. When slaves had run away and a requisition had been ordered to

send them back to their masters, he was always their friend, and a Mr. Ingram, a lame man, was their masters friend.

Wm. Meredith was President of the Schuylkill Bank, and was highly respected by everybody, and Wm. M. Meredith his son, a noble fellow, was one of Gen. Taylor's Cabinet.

Chas. Chauncey was a dignified gentlemen and I think was a brother-in-law of Bishop White. In those days the lawyers all carried their papers in their green bags and and many their law books, as they were dependent upon their own private libraries, there being but few law books in the Logan or Mercantile Libraries. At this date we seldom see a lawyer with his green bag; true, we now and then see a person, like Hon. Alexander H. McGuffey, of our city, carrying one.

The Merchants' Exchange was held, before the Exchange was built, in what was called the old Coffee House, on Second street, north of Dock and south of the Pennsylvania Bank, kept by James Sanderson, who was afterward proprietor of the Merchants' Hotel, on Fourth, near Arch street.

The principal banks in 1825 were the United States Bank, on Chestnut street, directly opposite the Farmers

and Mechanics' Bank; one square below, the old North America Bank; on Second street, below Chestnut, the Pennsylvania Bank; and on Third, opposite Dock street, the Girard Bank; and the Schuylkill Bank, on the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, one door west from the site of the house in which General Washington lived—afterwards there were the Mechanics' Bank, on South Third street, the Commercial Bank, on Market street below Third, the Southwark Bank, located on Second street below South or Cedar Street; and Penn Township Bank, northwest corner Sixth and Vine, and some other smaller banks. The rush for stock in new banks, newly chartered, in the early forties after the United States Bank went down, I think, was disgraceful. Strong laboring men were employed to press through the crowd to take stock. It disgusted the Philadelphians, who felt proud of the reputation for honesty and fair dealing, which has always been accorded to them.

Most of the brokers' offices were on Third street, between Market and Chestnut and on Dock street. Hale & Davidson, on Dock St.; Alexander Benson & Bro., on Third St. Afterwards one of the largest concerns was E. W. Clark & Co., next door to Congress Hall, which hotel had an opening on both Third and Chestnut streets. One

of E. W. Clark & Co.'s clerks was Jay Cooke, who became the celebrated financier at the beginning of the war, and was successful in raising very large amounts of money for the Government. He was one of the number who built the Northern Pacific Railroad, and was boycotted by the infidel element in the United States because he would advertise in no paper except a religious one. He was very liberal and patronized religious papers of all denominations. Redpath, a public reporter for newspapers, visited the whole line of the Northern Pacific R. R. in the middle of winter, when it was covered with snow. His object was to injure it and he reported it to be a fraud.

At this time the general bankrupt law was such that any man a creditor to the amount of \$1,000 could put parties into bankruptcy. One debtor of Jay Cooke took advantage of this, and thus resulted the failure in 1872 of Jay Cooke & Co., which caused the great financial panic of the country. Jay Cooke had started with nothing in the world, but had principle, resolving, as a Christian, to give away one-tenth of his income. I believe he has done it up to the present time. Providence has favored him, and, after all his troubles, probably he is to-day richer than he was before his failure. He now lives at Ogontz, near Philadelphia, and is still a very benevolent man.

Alexander Benson, one of the brokers on Third street, a man of good character, died a few years ago worth a million or two.

About 1826, Parkinson, the great cake and ice-cream man, had a little office opposite the United States Bank. He moved his establishment to Chestnut above Seventh, where he had for many years the most celebrated confectionery in Philadelphia. In those days they ate ice-cream out of long-necked glasses called champagne glasses. The most popular flavors were lemon and vanilla.

A few doors from this place was a great lamp establishment—Cornelius & Co. This name is yet extant in Philadelphia. I think one of the firm still lives. Two young men, who learned the lamp and gas fixture business with them, came to Cincinnati in the forties. Their names were Baker and Vonphul. They opened a store on Fourth, near Walnut. At the close of the war they both retired with fortunes, and within the last three years have died, each over eighty years of age.

Townsend Sharpless, Agnew & Co., Le Boutillier, John Caldwell (Caldwell afterward moved to the southwest corner of Chestnut and Seventh), and others had retail dry goods stores on South Second. Thomas W. Evans, who was a boy at this time at Caldwell's, became afterwards

one of the largest retail merchants on Chestnut street. He retired before the war and now lives at Germantown, in his 86th year. He is a man of excellent judgment and good character. I have just learned he has let his store on Chestnut Street for a number of years at \$27,000 per annum. The principal part of the retail trade in time moved up Chestnut street, preceded by Levy, who was just below Fifth. There was a moderate trade of the retail business out Market street; Perkins was at the corner of Ninth and Market. Two young men named Warnock, called the "Cheap Boys," commenced trade on Eighth street, above Market; they bought their goods at auction, which they received daily, and sold them very cheap; they afterward made a fortune and retired. The retail trade at this time was scattered a great deal throughout the city. Much of the business was done on Second below Pine. At the northeast corner of second and Pine was Peter Morgan; on the southwest corner of Second and South Street was Wm. McGlinsey; at the northeast was Andrew Mecasky. Above, was James J. Boswell, and on the opposite side, E. D. & J. Wolf. One of the last was afterwards in partnership with McGlinsey in the wholesale dry goods business on Market street, and the firm afterwards was Wolf & Peyton. Mr. Peyton was from Kentucky, and is now

living in a town in New Jersey. He took a great interest in the Centennial Exposition. A great deal of the wholesale business afterwards went to New York, as the New York canal could take goods much cheaper west than they could be taken by wagon.

I. V. Williamson was a dry goods merchant on Second above Market, who started in a small way with an energetic young man by the name of Burroughs. This H. N. Burroughs beat every man that was before him. He would go to the hotels and become acquainted with almost everybody. His great advertisement was brown muslin, called Chicopee D, costing on time seven cents, which he sold at $6\frac{1}{4}$ c. net cash. Consequently merchants who sold on time could not compete with him. In this way he sold other goods besides muslins. He finally made a fortune. Burroughs married a daughter of Mitchell, the widely-known map publisher, and has now retired, worth two million dollars. He died in 1895, quite aged. When he entered his name at the Merchant's Hotel the boys wrote opposite it, Chicopee D. His partner, the late I. V. Williamson, died only a few years ago, leaving a fortune of some eight or ten million dollars.

The principal wholesale dry goods merchants at this time were on Market Street below Fifth; the retail mer-

chants were on Second Street, south of Market. Package-houses were on Front street between Arch and Chestnut streets. The principal auction houses were on Front street, Jennings, Thomas & Co., Tobias & Samuel Wagner. Others were on Market above Second, Comley, Tevis & Co., and Gillingham, Mitchell & Co., above Third.

John B. Myers, who afterwards became a great auctioneer, was crier at Jennings & Thomas in 1825. His dwelling was on Arch street.

The most prominent wholesale houses on Market Street were: Thomas C. Rockhill, Henry Toland, Johnson & Tingley, Ambrose White & Co., Jacob Reese & Son, Wurts, Musgrave & Co., W. & R. Worrall, Siter, Price & Co., Wood, Abbott & Wood, Oliver & Bell, T. & J. Fassitt, Richard Ashurst & Son, Knox & Boggs, Roset & Bicking, Chaloner & Henry, Garrett, Newkirk & Co., Newkirk & Striker, afterwards Matthew Newkirk & Co. (Matthew Newkirk was afterwards president of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, and built a marble mansion at the southwest corner of Thirteenth and Arch Streets.) R. & E. Riggs, afterwards Riggs & Aertson; Thomas Shewel, Lewis Brown, Field & Tobes and others.

The principal wholesale silk stores were Jasper Cope & Co., afterward Caleb Cope & Co., I. & T. Wood, Frier &

Anderson, Chapron & Nidelett. The last were at the northeast corner of Fourth and Market Streets, next door to T. & A. Vinton, who were in the regular dry goods business.

At this time, most of the jobbers on Market street imported a great many goods (English, Scotch and Irish) for their own sales. Calicoes or prints were not made in the United States. The lowest quality imported was called plates. They were made of a very thin, light substance much like cheese cloth filled with starch. Then there was a better quality which was sold as high as 30 cents per yard. The first American calico I ever saw was made by the Merrimac Manufactory which is still in existence. I could recognize the pattern to-day were I to see it. David S. Brown on Front street was the exclusive agent of this manufactory.

The wholesale crockery men at this time on Market Street were Tams, Anderson & Tams, Reed & Grey, above Fifth street; R. S. Cauffman & Co., were on Third street; Mrs. Tyndall afterwards opened a store in the Arcade; Peter Wright was on North Second street and one of the same firm is now agent of a shipping line.

The principal hardware stores were Handy, Symington & Bird, Allen Armstrong & Co., Hoops, Wolfe & Baker,

Howells, and Reeves, Fraley & Co. Frederick Fraley, of the last firm celebrated his ninetieth year recently. He is a man of strict probity and lovely character. Rogers Brothers retired from business about this time.

I can recite nearly all the firms that were on Market between Fourth and Fifth streets when I first entered Philadelphia in 1825. On my visit to Asbury Park, some two years ago, I met a Mr. Cooper, from Philadelphia, eighty-three years old who was one of the directors of the American Sunday School Union and on the publishing committee. When we ran over the names of the chief merchants of Philadelphia, about the year 1827, we came to the northwest corner of Fifth and Markets streets, when I said that Wm. Stockley was at that time there, afterwards succeeded by Mathew Newkirk & Co., and next door was Knox & Boggs. He remarked that Henry Horn was at that time on the corner. After thinking, I remembered that he succeeded Stockley there. Henry Horn was in 1829 appointed Collector of the Port under General Jackson. I asked Mr. Cooper if he remembered what Jackson said of Horn. He answered, "Henry Horn can't lie." This occurred over sixty years before, and I had never known the gentleman until several days previous to

our conversation. It was a common saying at that time among the people that "Henry Horn can't lie."

From 1825 until the Pennsylvania Canal was finished, all goods going west from Philadelphia, through to Pittsburgh, were carried by Conestoga wagons drawn by four horses (a bell on each horse's neck), being loaded from wholesale grocery houses on Market Street above Eighth. Such houses were among others: Alter & Bispham, Horner & Wilson and Aaron Denman & Sons. The goods were packed in boxes—ones, twos and threes, according to their sizes. The larger ones did not pack well in their wagons. The rates were \$3.00 a hundred to Pittsburgh. After the Pennsylvania Canal was opened goods were shipped through it and taken over the mountains from Hollidaysburg to Johnstown, by two inclined planes on each side of the mountain. Thus the rate of freight was much reduced. Davis & Co. had iron boats made in sections which were taken by rail across the mountains and there united.

There was a Liverpool line of ships owned by Thomas P. Cope, a Quaker. I remember one was called Algonquin, after an Indian chief. This line kept a strict account of the cost of insurance for many years and saved enough by not insuring to build a ship called after its owner, Thomas P. Cope. This ship afterwards collided with a

British vessel in the Mersey, causing a loss of \$150,000 ; thus nothing was made by the experiment.

The principal Hotels in Philadelphia in 1825, were the Mansion House located on south Third, between Walnut and Spruce, (the most aristocratic of them all,) which stood back some distance from the street. John Quincy Adams the President, and Congressmen, stopped there. The house was kept by Mr. Head, and owned by a Mr. Kidd, the father-in-law of Pope Mitchell, of the auction firm of Gillingham, Mitchell & Co., in Market, above Third, who afterwards kept the United States Hotel. The Hotel next in reputation, was the Washington, on Fourth above Market, kept by Mrs. Yohe, who afterwards kept a large hotel on Chestnut, above Sixth, opposite the Arcade—this Arcade was built by Peter A. Brown, but was never prosperous. The Red Lion Hotel, located on Market St., above Sixth, was then kept by Titus Yerkes, and patronized very extensively by Pennsylvanians and some western merchants. The Golden Swan, kept by Wade, was located on Third, above Arch. The White Horse Hotel kept by Johns, was located on Market, corner of Strawberry street. The Indian Queen, Fourth above Market street, was kept by Heiskell, who many years afterwards kept the new city hotel, located on Third, near Arch. Here the celebrated

John Randolph died, and lay in state, attended by his faithful colored servant. The physician who attended him in his sickness was old Dr. Parrish, a Friend. Stores have been built on this site for over fifty years. Opposite to this, Benj. Bullock, a Friend, lived, and in his house a son Anthony was born, who died in Cincinnati some years ago, respected by everyone, a millionaire. There were, besides, a few smaller hotels at this time, patronized mostly by farmers, including the Bull's Head, out Market Street; the Western Hotel, Market below Eighth; there were none west of Broad street. Years afterwards came the Second Street House, and the United States hotel built opposite the United States Bank (the present Custom House,) and the Merchants' Hotel on Fourth, near Arch, on the site of the old Methodist Church, called the Academy, and the Marshall House, on Chestnut, below Seventh. At the latter hotel Chief Justice Marshall died after a surgical operation.

I think the only daily papers published in 1825, when I went to Philadelphia were Zachariah Poulson's Daily Advertiser and the Inquirer. Poulson's office was on the south side of Chestnut, between Third and Fourth streets. I have seen him there in the door in knee breeches. Among others who wore knee breeches at this time were Paul Beck, Philip Garret and old Mr. Sims. This Mr. Sims

had been a great shipping merchant, living on Chestnut above Ninth. He had been unfortunate and after surrendering all he had to his creditors they made him a present of \$10,000, which showed how they appreciated honesty in that day. One of his ships was named after one of his family, Rebecca Sims. Another one of the men who wore knee breeches was Dr. T. W. Dyott, who kept a drug store on the northeast corner of second and Race streets. His house was four or five stories high and when I was a boy in the country I remember seeing his advertisement and thought what a wonderful thing such a high house must be. He afterward failed and I think died in poverty.

I remember when the Public Ledger and Transcript was first published. The office was on the north side of Dock street, above Second. They put out a board with paper advertisements. The price of the paper was one cent. The North American was started later than this by William Welsh and other religious and moral men who wished to have a paper that did not require labor on Sunday. The United States Gazette, whose office was on Third and Dock streets, was the great Whig paper. The editor, Joseph R. Chandler, was afterward appointed minister to Italy. I recall clearly the night when the last news came in from Pennsylvania in 1840, after we had waited probably three

weeks or more, that Harrison had carried the state by a few hundred votes, which settled the matter of his election. Though then a married man I threw up my hat for joy.

In 1832 the old jail was still standing at the southeast corner of Sixth and Walnut. At that time the cholera broke out there and some of the inmates attempted to escape. Some were shot by our Mayor Col. John Swift, who afterwards was considered very brave, and was re-elected Mayor as often as he desired to be.

The most celebrated physicians at this time were Dr. Physic, on the corner of Fifth and Pine; Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, on Walnut near Eighth—the house in which he lived is still there; Dr. Dewees, on the corner of Walnut and Tenth; Dr. Coxe, who resigned in 1836 his professorship in the University, Dr. Gibson, Dr. Hare, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Horner and the little Dr. Huston, most of whom were professors of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Physic moved soon after this to Maryland, I think in 1828. Jefferson College had Dr. Pattison (noted as having fought a duel with Gen. Cadwallader, whose house was on the corner of Ninth and Arch streets, and whose descendants are now living in Philadelphia, one a celebrated judge. Dr. George B. McClellan, father of the celebrated General, and Samuel McClellan, Drs. J. K. Mitchell, Houston, Meigs

and others. A great number attended each college. I remember one holiday in 1833 seeing the students take gas on Ninth Street. One from South Carolina made a speech on nullification, but stopped in the middle of a sentence, the effect of the gas having passed away. It was quite amusing. Other students were very violent.

I almost neglected speaking of one of the old landmarks in 1825, Father Eastbern. He had a kind of chapel on the second floors of two warehouses on the wharf, for sailors. They looked upon him as their father. He was quite old and died, I think, about 1830. His countenance depicted sympathy and sorrow; his face was well wrinkled and when he spoke the tears rolled down his cheeks. I think he was a Presbyterian. I well remember his pictures that were distributed around in offices and dwellings at that time, as he was beloved by all denominations.

In 1839, an old citizen of Philadelphia, Alexander Cook, died. He was a celebrated soap manufacturer. Rev. John P. Durbin married his daughter.

On my last visit to Philadelphia I was honored by the St. George Society at their hall, Thirteenth and Arch Streets, by seeing the portrait of Queen Victoria, taken for the society soon after her coronation by the celebrated Sully, the pride of Philadelphia, they paying him \$1,000.

I remember seeing it on exhibition in Philadelphia at that time. It is simply magnificent. She stands in all her royal robes, front face, and does not show her short chin, inherited from her grandfather, George III. She has been and is a model Queen.

CINCINNATI IN YE OLDEN TIME.

September 15th, 1895. The Burnet House has been rented and reopened by Mr. Dunklee. I well remember when it was commenced in 1849, on the old Shiras Garden at the north-west corner of Vine and Third Streets. It was named after Judge Burnet, one of the oldest citizens, who emigrated from New Jersey many years before and who wore a queue, and lived at the north-west corner of Elm and Seventh Streets. The architect was Mr. Rogers, already mentioned, who built many stores, including Tyler Davidson Co.'s on Main below Fourth. The Burnet House fronted on Third Street. In those days with no elevators the ceilings were low; the rotunda was very handsome with large continental pillars. Probably no hotel in the United States was superior at this time. Isaiah Rogers, the architect, had built the Tremont of Bos-

ton, in 1832, and the Astor of New York in 1834-5. No more substantial building could be found, I know, as I was one of St. John's building committee and knew his work. It has never been touched by the floods, is built on solid gravel and is good for a century.

They had a grand opening when it was finished, in which many of the first citizens of Cincinnati participated. I remember attending the reception with my wife and my daughter, who was then 12 years of age. The menu was printed on satin and some twenty-five years ago I came across it in my own house.

The large parlor of the Burnet House on the east wing was simply magnificent, lighted by chandeliers with glass pendants. Well do I recall the reception given to the Prince of Wales when this parlor was in all its glory. Mayor Bishop escorted him through the city. The west wing was the Ladies' Parlor, not so large but very beautiful. The Ladies' ordinary was on Vine Street and the Gentlemen's on the west side. The promenade of the hall was very fine, extending the whole length east and west of the building. The Ladies' ordinary on Vine Street was afterwards occupied by the Central Bank, which was merged into the First National Bank of Cincinnati.

On the east side of the hall, near the clerk's office,

many years after the house was built, stood a painting by Beard of the "Last Man." It was a magnificent one representing the flood. On the west side was a painting of Tom Ewing, U. S. Senator, whom I heard speak in 1832, in the United States Senate at Washington. Milton Cook was the builder.

A. B. Coleman was the first to take charge of the Burnet House. Soon after he engaged the celebrated John B. Drake, who is now one of the millionaires of Chicago, having taken charge of the Tremont House, some forty years ago. Drake had been with Col. Noble at the Pearl Street House in 1848 when I came to the city; he was from Lebanon, Ohio. His manner was very fine and he was a very clever fellow. When he left the Pearl Street House some of the young men boarders presented him with a silver service and he in return gave them a supper at the Exchange on Third Street. Three of these friends are now living, Chas. C. Reakirt, John Grubb and Thos. E. Hunt. I have just learned of his death; it is said he died worth \$2,000,000.

For many years the Burnet House declared no dividends to the stockholders, but Mr. Coleman usually once a year gave them a grand supper and entertainment, which appeared to give satisfaction. The stock ran down very

low and Mr. Coleman invested in it at 25 cents on the dollar and eventually owned the majority of the stock.

At the time of the war it was the grand center for officers in the army. Afterwards I remember distinctly crossing the river to meet Andrew Johnson, the vice-president, on his expulsion from East Tennessee; he stopped at the Burnet. I heard here the speech of Gen. Sheridan and also Gen. Rosecrans, after the battle of Murfreesboro. Col. Lew Wallace—who early in the war had charge of the city, and afterwards was a General in the army—was a guest. Since then it has had a number of landlords but as a house it has always been popular. The great competitor for the Burnet was the Spencer House, the great hotel for the passengers from the Steamboats, which at that time took all the passengers and trade, but the railroads have since drawn every thing from the river and now no hotel of reputation is south of Third Street.

Most of the Delegates to the National Democratic Convention, of 1855, which nominated the Hon. James Buchanan for President of the United States, were entertained at the Burnet. Among them was George B. Morton, who brought a brass band from Philadelphia. It was said that he and his band nominated Buchanan. The

Convention was held in Smith & Nixon's Hall, Fourth street east of Walnut.

No locality is superior to that of the Burnet for a hotel; it is in the center of the great thoroughfare, Vine Street now being the dividing line east and west of the city. Mr. J. W. Dunklee is the present proprietor, and he also runs the celebrated Brunswick, Victoria and Vendome Hotels in Boston. He is a thorough business man and one well calculated for his calling. He is a gentleman and his manner is very affable and pleasant.

The Broadway Hotel was built in the early thirties and the Spencer House about 1853 or 1854. The other hotels at this time were; the Henry House, Third above Main; the Gibson House, Walnut above Fourth; the Madison House, Main above Front; the Galt House, Sixth and Main; the Dennison, Fifth above Main; the United States, Sixth and Walnut; the Walnut Street House, Walnut above Sixth; and the Pearl Street House, corner Pearl and Walnut, which was torn down and rebuilt in stores in 1850. There was for a short time the City Hotel, which fronted on Fourth Street opposite the high steeple church, forming an L on Main Street, next door to H. W. Derby, kept by Mr. Tuttle, who afterwards kept the new hotel opposite the theatre, called the Woodruff House, now used

as a tenement house. At this date you could see every morning a stage coach drawn up to take passengers through the State.

The best residences at this time were on East Fourth Street extending to Pike ; on Pike Street ; on Broadway ; on west Fourth Street extending down to Park, and on Sixth Street west of Mound ; but the easy and cheap travel on street railroads made a wonderful change in the location of dwellings. Property on West Fourth Street that rented for \$2,000 thirty years ago, is renting now from \$600 to \$800, but the business part of Fourth Street is worth probably fifty per cent. more than it was at that time. The greater part of the better class of citizens have moved out to the suburban towns. Walnut Hills which used to have but a few thousand inhabitants has probably forty thousand now. Avondale, Clifton, and Mt. Auburn are filling up very fast. Forty years ago there was an omnibus line running from Fourth and Main to Walnut Hills, which was the only public conveyance to that place ; there was also a line running from Fourth and Main to Brighton. Great opposition was made to the street railroads when they were first introduced and it was difficult to get permission to run on the streets. The old

horse railroads have now been superseded by electric roads ; they are far superior.

The Cincinnati Consolidated Street Railway Company has a most complete system, now running electric cars and giving transfers to all parts of the city. They have seventeen or eighteen connections and probably no city in the United States is better served than ours is by this line. The president, John Kilgour, is a man of great ability and always has the approval of all his employes. He is a man in whom everybody has confidence. Under his able administration the Company has recently leased, with the privilege of purchase, some fifty acres of land at Chester Park, where it will immediately erect immense shops for the construction and repair of its cars. The Company promises to supply our city with accommodations for rapid transit which will be superior to any in the country.

The connections of the steam railroads have largely increased. While in 1848 there was but one road that left Cincinnati, there are now probably nine or ten, and the river business has, consequently, become comparatively small.

In 1848 the Postoffice was located on the northwest corner of Fourth and Sycamore streets, in the building now

owned by James M. Glenn ; Major Oliver was Postmaster, having been appointed by President Taylor.

Before the war an extensive business to and from Cincinnati was done on the river. There was a line of packets, running from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, daily, namely:

The Brilliant,	Buckeye State,	Pittsburg,
Messenger,	Keystone State,	Allegheny."

I remember at one time the Buckeye State carried the horns, being the fastest boat in the line.

There was also a line of splendid steamers running from Wheeling to Louisville, namely:

The Alvin Adams,	David White,	Thomas Swann,
Baltimore,	Virginia,	State of Wheeling.

All of these have long ago passed away. They not only carried freight but passengers. They were provided with first class accommodations ; their tables were splendid.

The steamer Moselle, a Cincinnati and St. Louis packet, blew up April 25, 1838, at Cincinnati, killing 170 persons. A Mr. Ferris, a merchant of Lawrenceburg, a customer of mine when in business in Philadelphia, was on the upper deck and was blown ashore without injury.

Probably one of the most distressing disasters that has occurred in this country within the last century was the collision and burning of the two magnificent double decked steamers, the America and United States, the two elegant

United States Mail Line steamers plying between Cincinnati and Louisville, which occurred early on the morning of December 4, 1868, at Rayl's Landing, near Warsaw, Ky. There were several wedding parties on board who had just ceased dancing when the awful shock occurred. As a gale was blowing upstream at the time the pilots misunderstood the signals and the boats collided. The United States, going down stream, was struck on the starboard quarter and sunk in a few minutes; a number of barrels of coal oil on her forward deck becoming ignited caused the conflagration and both steamers were completely destroyed. The loss of life was very great, but the actual number of those who perished has never been definitely ascertained. The two boats were among the finest specimens of marine architecture on the Western waters and were valued at nearly \$200,000 each. It was a severe blow to the Mail Line Company, but most of the stockholders are now dead. Rev. Mr. Rising and Rev. Robert J. Parvin, two friends of mine, were among those who perished in that awful night of flood and flame.

At first Main and Pearl Streets were the great thoroughfares for Wholesale Dry Goods and other Merchandise; afterwards Walnut Street, West Third, and West Pearl Streets came in and divided the trade.

There were no stores on Fourth Street west of Vine in 1848, and not more than two or three on Pearl Street west of Walnut. Fourth Street west of Vine had some elegant residences, such as Groesbeck's and Wiggin's, with fine front and side yards, now the site of the Pike Opera House; and on the south side near Race was the Second Presbyterian Church. At this time the Unitarian Church stood on the southwest corner of Fourth and Race Streets, where now stands one of the handsomest stores in the city.

From 1848 to 1850, and long before, a considerable business was done through the canal. A great many merchants had their stores on its banks (also the Pork men, though most of them were on Sycamore and Broadway). N. W. Thomas, Henry Nigh, George Shillito, James Wilson & Co., Wm. Gilpin, Joseph Torrence, Keck & Schaefer, Pugh & Albord, Chas. Davis, Miller, Brown & Hankins, Wm. Bradbury, John DuBois, Miles Greenwood, Evans & Swift, Johnson & Pence, McKeehan & Evans, Geo. F. Davis, Gardner Phipps, J. R. Childs & Co. afterwards J. Rawson & Co. in 1852, Wm. Neff, and Samuel Davis, Jr. Chas. Davis and James McKeehan are the only ones left out of all this number, and they are 85 and 87 years old. McKeehan is still a very handsome man.

Before the war most goods were sold by wholesale houses from their stores, customers coming to Cincinnati; now goods are chiefly sold by traveling salesmen, by samples.

One of the best known men in the city at that time was Platt Evans, a first class tailor, full of fun, who had a store on Main Street between Third and Fourth. Another was Mr. McElvey, who had a store on Broadway near the Broadway Hotel; he bought the first ticket to hear Jennie Lind (I paid \$17 for tickets for myself, wife and daughter); he afterwards built a fine store on Fourth Street near Walnut, now occupied by the Palace Royal; he built the northwest corner of Fourth and Vine, and afterwards failed.

One of the landmarks when I came to this city in 1848 was the bakery of Augustus H. Muth, located on Fifth Street, where the Government Building now stands. It was said that Mr. Muth paid cash for all the flour he used, taking a bag of coin with him when he went to order his stock.

I well remember the grandfather of Charles P. and Wm. H. Taft, the father of the late Judge Alphonso Taft, who owned property on Fourth Street west of Vine, a fine looking old gentleman who wore a queue. Also Mr. James

Hix, a small, short gentleman who owned the corner of Race and Fourth Streets; he made his money shipping flour and produce down the river, principally on flatboats. Here now stands the building of the Commercial Gazette.

The following is a list of WHOLESALE DRY GOODS MERCHANTS in business in Cincinnati, in 1848: J. & A. Slevin, John Sharp & Co., Boylan & Co., Day & Matlack, Acton & Woodnut, T. O'Shaughnessy & Co., Peter A. White & Co., J. W. King & Co., Henry Marks & Co., Hopper, Wood & Co., D. J. Morel, Carlisle & White, Goshorn & Patterson, J. D. & C. Jones, J. W. Ellis & Co., R. B. Bowler & Co., Levy & Bro., Latimer & Jenkins, Tingley & Burton, Wentworth & Bro., Taylor, French & Wynne, W. P. Devoe, Wynne, Haines & Co. Later Louis Stix & Co., and later Lockard & Ireland, Pearce, Tolle & Co., Hubbell, Alexander & Driver, Chambers & Stevens, Bohm, Mack & Co. and others. The largest retail houses at this time on Fourth Street were: John Shillito, LeBoutillier & Co., Deland, Gossage & Co. At this time John Shillito was on Fourth Street east of Main, on the site where Stribley & Co.'s building is now, and was one of the first houses in Cincinnati that could be called a *One Price* House; now all first class houses are. LeBoutillier & Co. were on Fourth Street, east of Walnut. Most of the retail stores were then on Fifth Street—Riley

& Wood, Walker Bros., Bradstreet, James Maxwell, Wm. McLaughlin, Johnson & Jackson and H. P. Cooke.

Since the war great changes have been made in every line of business, and in dry goods as much as in any. Most of these firms have either broken or gone out of business, and nine out of ten of the parties are deceased. Now the wholesale dry goods stores are but few compared with the number before the war, but are immense corporations whose business amounts to millions of dollars of sales a year, consisting principally of Dry Goods, Silks and Notions, including almost every description of merchandise except Groceries, wholesale and retail, such firms as the John Shillito Co., the Alms & Doepke Co., the H. & S. Pogue Co., the Geo. W. McAlpin Co., the Mabley & Carew Co.

THE HARDWARE MERCHANTS WERE: R. W. Booth & Co., Gould & McCracken, Mead & Winston, J. L. Wayne, Latimer, Colburn & Lupton, Neff Bros. & Co., Peter Neff & Sons, and later Dickson, Clarke & Co., Tyler Davidson & Co., the Co. being Henry Probasco, who presented to the city the magnificent Fifth street fountain, a great ornament. Since the war this line of business has become quite small, in consequence of the large amount of manufacturing in the United States, the goods being sold by agents direct to the merchants in the country.

THE WHOLESALE GROCERYMEN WERE: Springer, White-man & Co., W. W. Scarborough was then the company; Harrison & Hooper, John I. Coram & Co., succeeded by Tweed & Andrews, Jos. C. Butler & Co., Bishop, Wells & Co., afterwards R. M. Bishop & Co., Wm. & Geo. Wiltshire, Thos. H. Miner, succeeded by his brother John D., John Sieburn, Raper & Bro., Ross & Ricker, Hosea & Frazier, Traber & Aubery, Taylor & Odiorne, Henry Hanna, Wm. Glenn & Sons and others. Glenn's store was at the north-west corner of Sycamore and Lower Market. William Glenn was captain of a boat running, I think, to Aurora; he came from Indiana, was born in North Carolina; he was one of the most successful merchants Cincinnati ever had. He afterwards moved to the north-east corner of Columbia and Walnut Sts. and lastly built a large store on Vine, below Pearl. They made a large fortune at the time of the war: it was a very popular house. One of the most valuable of the firm was a son-in-law, Mr. Richard Dymond, who is still living and beloved by all his friends. One of the Rebel Generals after the war was their salesman: he made the remark that if there should be any wholesale grocerymen in heaven, they would be Wm. Glenn & Sons. He and his wife lived to an extreme old age, both devoted Christians.

THE WHOLESALE SHOE MEN WERE:—Wm. H. Comstock,

J. V. Robbins, Wilcox, Doddridge & Co., afterwards Johnson, Prichard & Co.; John Gates & Co., John Simpkinson, Wm. F. Thorne and M. E. Reeves. The only one of these firms now on Pearl street, left in any kind of business, is John Gates, represented by his two sons, John and James.

THE WHOLESALE CLOTHING MEN WERE:—Kuhn, Rindskopf & Co., afterwards Kuhn, Netter & Co., Heidelbach & Seasongood, A. & I. Wolf, the latter were on Main below Pearl, Jacob Elsas & Co., Lockwood & Co., Millious & Bro., Kornblett & Bro., G. Simon & Co. These at that time were the principal wholesale Clothing Houses but now their number is simply legion.

THE FURNITURE FACTORY MEN IN 1848 WERE: Mitchell & Rammelsberg, Daniel F. Meader & Co., Andrew McAlpin, father of George and William; Geo. Henshaw, S. J. John, Bowen & Pfaff, and John Gyer. H. Closterman was in business in 1843, a manufacturer of chairs. He has since made a fortune, retired and takes the world easy. His sons are now running the establishment. He owns the large building on Fourth Street, occupied by the Geo. W. McAlpin Company.

With the assistance of Dr. Comegys I give the following list of the practicing physicians in Cincinnati at the time of the great cholera scourge in 1849, nearly all of

whom are now dead : Drs. Dan'l Drake, John P. Murphy, P. Richards, Rives, Dandridge, Foster, Dawson, Tate, Carson, Warder, R. D. Mussey, W. H. Mussey, J. F. Potter, Latty, Unzinker, John Davis, J. B. Smith, G. Mendenhall, L. M. Lawson, John P. Harrison, Ridgely, B. S. Lawson, A. H. Baker, Tom O. Edwards, Hansberry Smith, C. S. Muscroft, J. D. Shotwell, William Judkins, Jesse P. Judkins, David Judkins, Sattler, B. F. Richardson, Morgan, S. O. Almy, Taliaferro, Marshall, Keys, M. B. Wright, Bettman, C. G. Comegys, C. L. Avery, O. D. Norton, J. P. Walker, T. Carrol, C. Hughes, W. Strader, J. Atkins, S. Bonner, O. Langdon, W. P. Thornton, P. G. Vattier, I. Dodge, Wood, Chas. Woodward, Starr, Browne and Fore. We think but five of this list are still living, Drs. Comegys, Norton, Murphy, Bettman and Walker.

Dr. Comegys was born in the State of Delaware. His father was Governor of the State, his oldest brother was Chief Justice of the State; another brother, Benjamin B. Comegys, is now President of the Philadelphia National Bank and also Trustee of the Girard Estate.

He visited Paris for the purpose of clinical study. He translated a large book called "The History of Medicine," by Renouard, which has caused him to be known throughout the United States. Many years afterwards one of his

professors, I think Dr. Wood, of the University, having died he was called to deliver an address in Philadelphia, which showed in what regard they held him. He is now President of the University of Cincinnati. I am happy to say that his whole life has shown him to be not only a professor, but also in action a true Christian.

One of our most popular citizens of this city is Mr. Seth C. Foster, of the firm Stearns & Foster, a cotton manufacturer, who resides in Clifton. I sold his brother a bill of goods in 1838, at Burlington, Ky. Mr. Foster says that he was then about seven years old.

Messrs. Procter & Gamble were doubtless among the first manufacturers of soap in our city, commencing business in 1835. No two men had more pure characters than they; probably no two citizens gave more money to charitable purposes. Their sons sustain their character and do credit to their families.

About 1848, Procter & Gamble and Thomas Emery, the father of the present Thomas Emery's Sons made opposition to the then prevailing custom of making short weight candles. They thus established a reputation for integrity and fair dealing which has been sustained to this day, and which has resulted in the great and continued prosperity of their children. As at this time the consumption of can-

dles was immense, coal oil not having as yet come into use, this move on the part of our citizens was fully appreciated.

Christ's Hospital and Deaconess Home, on mt. Auburn, was founded through the liberality of Mrs. Elizabeth Gamble, continued by Mr. James Gamble before his death, and afterwards by James N., D. B., and William A. Gamble, and probably by their daughters too.

Two of the most notable men of this city are T. and J. Emery. There is hardly a square where they have not property. The city is much indebted to them for the splendid buildings they erect. It will be remembered that they built the Children's Episcopal Hospital, Mt. Auburn, and at the present time, November, 1895, are about to erect and endow a building for a colored orphan asylum, and no doubt before they die they will enlarge their benefactions. Their father was a remarkable man ; he was contemporary with Procter & Gamble in the thirties; was at one time unfortunate in business and compromised with his creditors, afterwards he became successful and paid up all his compromised debts. Not one in a thousand ever do it and but very few are able to do it.

Wesley Smead, a banker, in 1853, was the founder of the Widows' Home. Before this, the widow of Judge Burnet, before mentioned, called on Mr. Smead, telling

that four ladies had a house on David Street where they supported four old widows. They wanted to enlarge the place to forty or fifty, he gave \$200 each. Afterwards Mr. Smead became interested and gave \$20,000 and collected \$20,000 more; afterwards gave \$10,000. How few remember this. W. Collard his partner, afterwards of the firm of Smead, Collard & Hughes, told this to me, and said he disbursed the money; this was 42 years ago. Many old Ladies and Widows have enjoyed this noble gift.

Smead was a printer by trade. M. D. Potter called on him, and asked a loan of \$500; unable to give an endorser, being a printer, he was given the money. M. Potter died rich, one of the proprietors of the Cincinnati Commercial.

We are pleased to hear that our citizens are beginning to learn the luxury of contributing largely to the charitable and educational institutions of Cincinnati. Mr. David Sinton's benefactions, in the last twenty-five years, to the Union Bethel, Young Men's Christian Association, The Art Academy, The Art Museum, and to the poor of Cincinnati, including interest on bonds, will amount to over \$600,000. Mr. Reuben Springer gave \$350,000 to the Music Hall and \$40,000 to the Art Museum. Mr. Charles West gave \$300,000 to the Art Museum. Very recently Mr. Henry Hanna has contributed \$45,000 to the Cincinnati

University and Mr. Charles Fleischmann the same amount. No doubt it has added much to their happiness.

The city is probably as much indebted to Mr. H. Thane Miller as to any other man for the great interest he has taken in the cause of education, morality and religion for the past thirty years. His Mt. Auburn Institute is still very popular and is located in one of the most beautiful spots in Hamilton County.

One of my first acquaintances, when I came to Cincinnati in 1848 was Mr. Thos. H. C. Allen. He was one of those who contributed to the fund of \$50,000 for building St. John's Epis. Church. We were fellow-laborers in the Church until the erection of the Church of our Saviour, Mt. Auburn. According to his means he has been as liberal as any Episcopalian in Cincinnati. He might be called the father of the Church of our Saviour. He is a gentleman beloved by all.

I insert the names of the following acquaintances who have passed the line of four score years: David Sinton, 86; Capt. John P. Tweed, 88; William Wynne, 84; Col. Kennett, 86; S. P. Bishop, 88; Robert Mitchell, 84; George H. Hill, 85; John Simpkinson, 83; David Gibson, 82; Bailey S. Harrell, 86; James McKeehan, 86; Henry Hanna, 82; Chas. E. Davis, 86; John F. Perkins, 84; R. B.

Field, 81; Z. B. Coffin, 80; Chas. C. Winchell, 80; B. B. Whiteman, 86; John B. Whiteman, 82; J. P. Kilbreth, 84; William Dodd, 83; Caleb Clarke, 80; Thomas S. Butler 80, Robert Hosea, 84; David B. Shipley, 86; Russel Potter, 83; Rev. Thos. H. Johnson, 86; W. W. Scarborough, 81; Robert James, 87, who fifty years ago kept the most fashionable ladies' shoe store in the city; John K. Green, 82; John Balance, 85; Mr. Balance has been a citizen of Cincinnati for sixty years, he is of Quaker stock and was born in Lancaster County, Pa.; W. S. Groesbeck, 80; G. W. Goodhue, 84; Joel Brown, 90; Joseph Lakeman, 84; Wm. M. Littell, 84; Albert Assur, 83; Col. Sweeney, 84; H. H. Miller, 82; Jacob Ezekiel, 83; Samuel Thomas, 85; Heinrich Von Martels, 92; C. F. Bradley, 80; George A. Prichard, 80; Geo. D. Fry, 84; Gen. S. F. Carey, 81, of College Hill, reports Philip Rennis, 84, and Samuel Knaggs, 95, of College Hill; Henry Rodgers, 90, and Thomas S. Skillman, 95, of Mt. Pleasant.

I should add one more to my octogenarian friends, R. A. Holden, whom I have known over forty years. He has been a faithful Director of many moral and religious institutions and also of the House of Refuge for more than thirty years. I doubt if any citizen has contributed more to the various charities than he. An example to us all.

I have just learned the death of Phineas Moses, Esq., at the ripe age of 97 years. He was an English Hebrew, one of the earliest citizens of Cincinnati. He was one of those genial, good-hearted men who make all around them happy.

Another old citizen was Judge D. K. Este, a man of remarkable constitution. He has more than once related to me a story, that while at Princeton College, the great Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, lectured to the student probably three or four times a year. The Doctor would say, "Gentlemen, you see this arm," holding it up, "if you hold it in this position any length of time you will lose the use of it entirely; so with any other part of your body and the mind also. Keep them in action all the time, if you do so you will never go into a dotage." Probably not a month has passed that I have not recalled this advice. About twenty years before he died he built the handsomest mansion in the city, on Fourth below Smith. Every body thought he made a great mistake, because they supposed he would soon die; but he lived in it for twenty years, and died at the age of ninety-two.

I find in an old Cincinnati Almanac the following:

May 10, 1837. All the Banks in the city of New York suspended payment of specie, which course was immediately followed by all the Banks in the United States. Unprece-

dented mercantile embarrassments existed throughout the country, upward of 300 heavy houses failed in New York, and 20,000 inhabitants dependent upon their daily labor for their daily bread, were dismissed at New York for want of employment. In two days houses stopped in New Orleans, owing in the aggregate more than \$27,000,000, 168 houses failed in Boston from Nov. 1st, 1836 to May, 1837.

1839. Cincinnati has 45,000 inhabitants and thirty-five churches, being one to 1285 souls.

1832, February 10. Cincinnati was inundated, the Ohio River having risen 63 feet above low water mark.

I find the highest flood Cincinnati has had was in February, 1884—71 feet 3-4 inches of water.

The delight afforded me on Sunday by reading extracts from a pastoral of my old pastor, Bp. Clark, of Rhode Island, constrains me to extend my book and notice them briefly. His words are very pathetic and impressive, standing as he is on the brink of eternity—eighty-three years of age—almost at the end of a long and successful ministry. The pomps and vanities of this world appear to him in their true light. His touching words could be read with profit by some of our clergy who encourage theatres and card-playing.

One evening when I was about eighteen years old, in packing goods which a customer had purchased at a night auction and sent to the store, I came upon a copy of the works of the poet Cowper, and was so much taken with a part of that called "Truth" that I repeated it over until I knew it by heart. It appeared so good to me then that I must close with it :

Hark! universal nature shook and groaned;
'Twas the last trumpet—see the Judge enthroned!
Rouse all your courage at your utmost need,
Now summon every virtue, stand and plead.
What! silent? Is your boasting heard no more?
That self-renouncing wisdom, learned before,
Had shed immortal glories on your brow,
That all your virtues cannot purchase now,
All joy to the believer! He can speak,
Trembling, yet happy; confident, yet meek.
Since the dear hour that brought me to Thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but Thine,
Nor hoped, but in Thy righteousness divine:
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart;
Cleansed in Thine own all purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good;
I cast them at thy feet—my only plea
Is what it was, dependence upon Thee;
While struggling in the vale of tears below,
That never failed, nor shall it fail me now.
Angelic gratulations rend the skies.
Pride falls unpitied, never more to rise,
Humility is crowned, and Faith receives the prize.

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